MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 29

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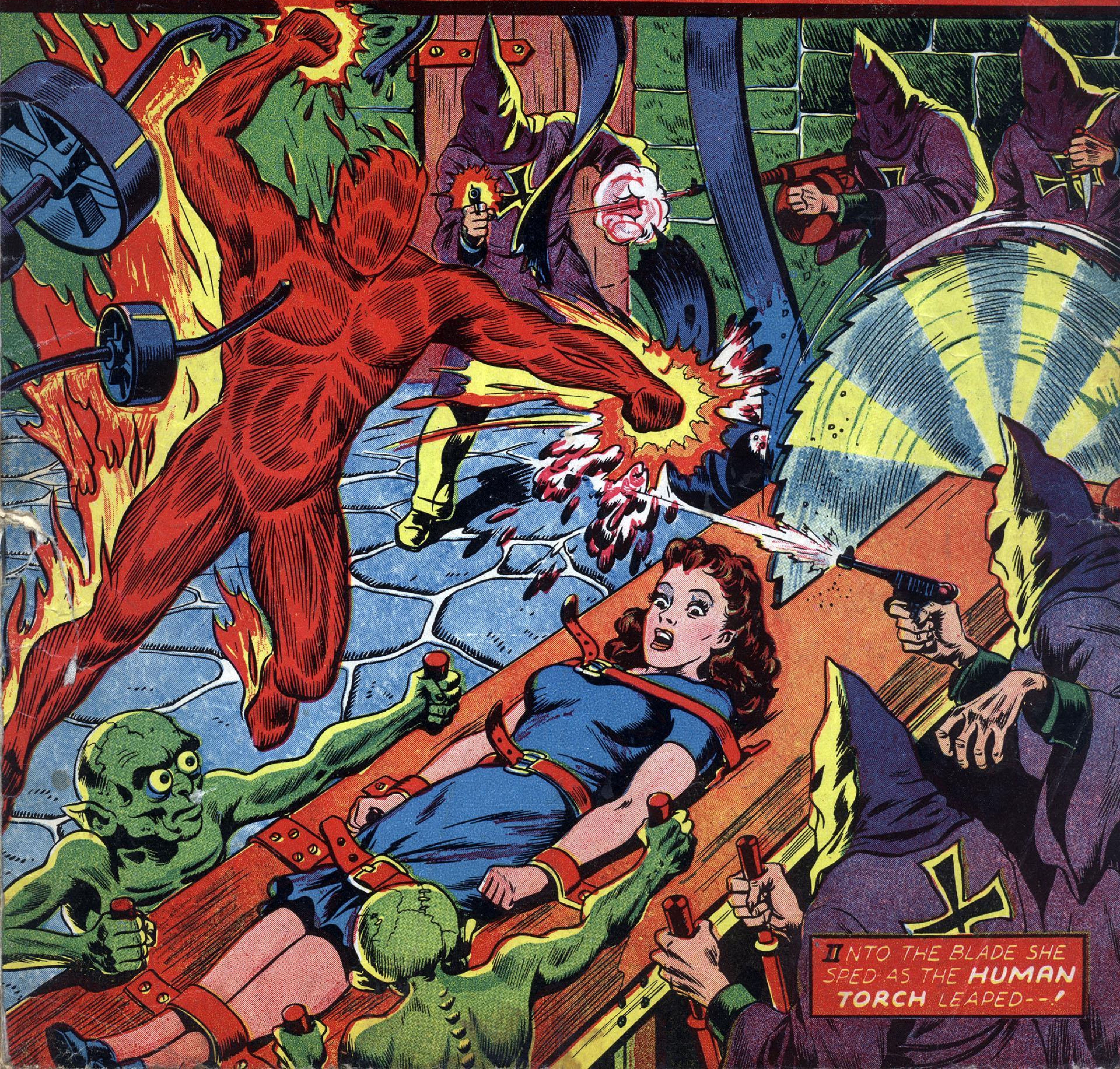
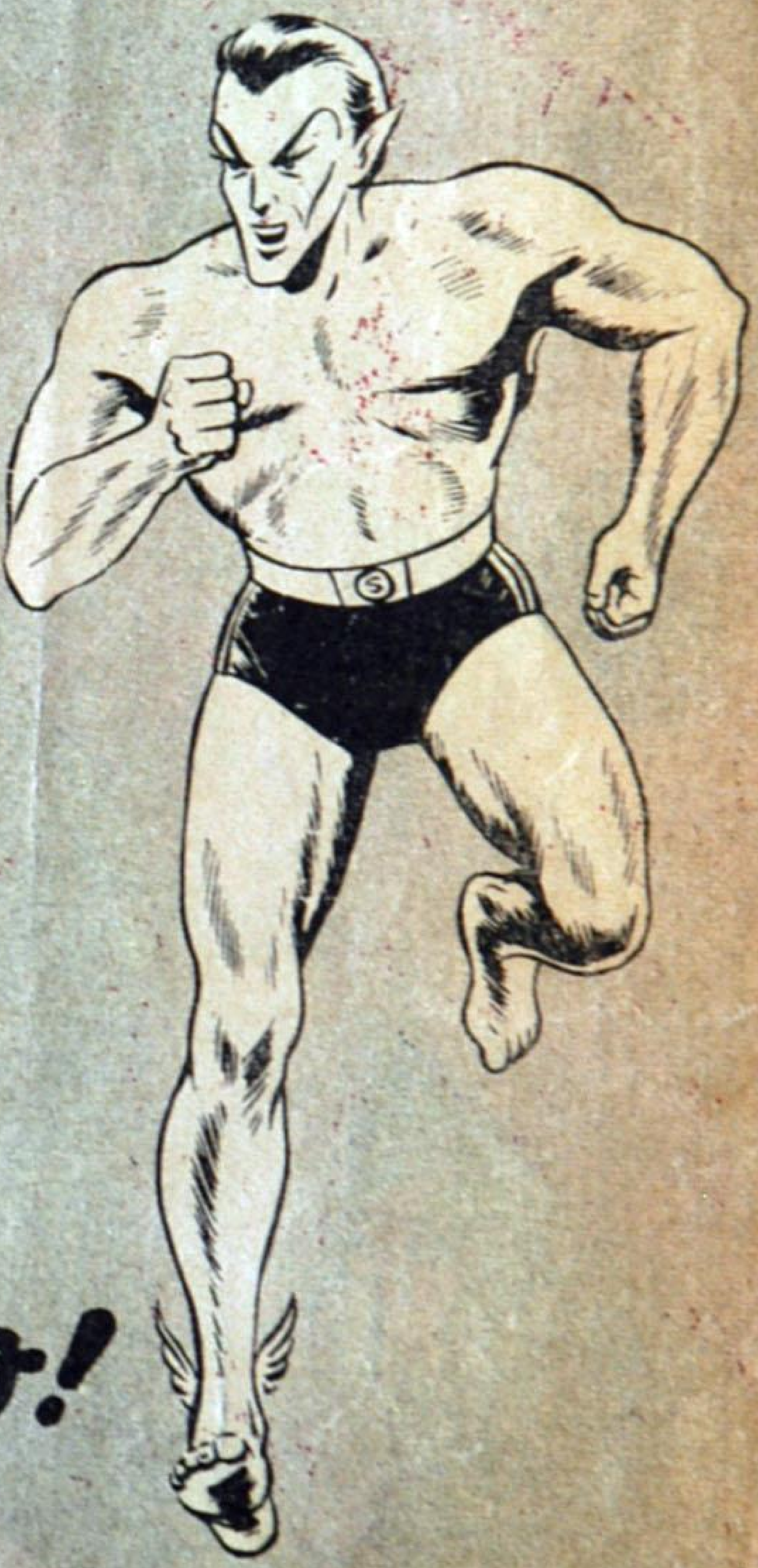
MARCH


INTO THE BLADE SHE SPED AS THE HUMAN TORCH LEAPED--!

SPLASHING WITH THRILLS!

FIND OUT WHY

SUB MARINER IS CALLED AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC HERO IN 40 SIZZLING PAGES OF EXCITEMENT AS PRINCE NAMOR GETS HIMSELF INTO THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS JAM!



Also

A FEATURE LENGTH TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE WITH THE FASTEST MOVING JUSTICE-SEEKER THIS SIDE OF THRILLDOM!

THE ANGEL!

All this and more too!

WATCH FOR

SUB MARINER No 4

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

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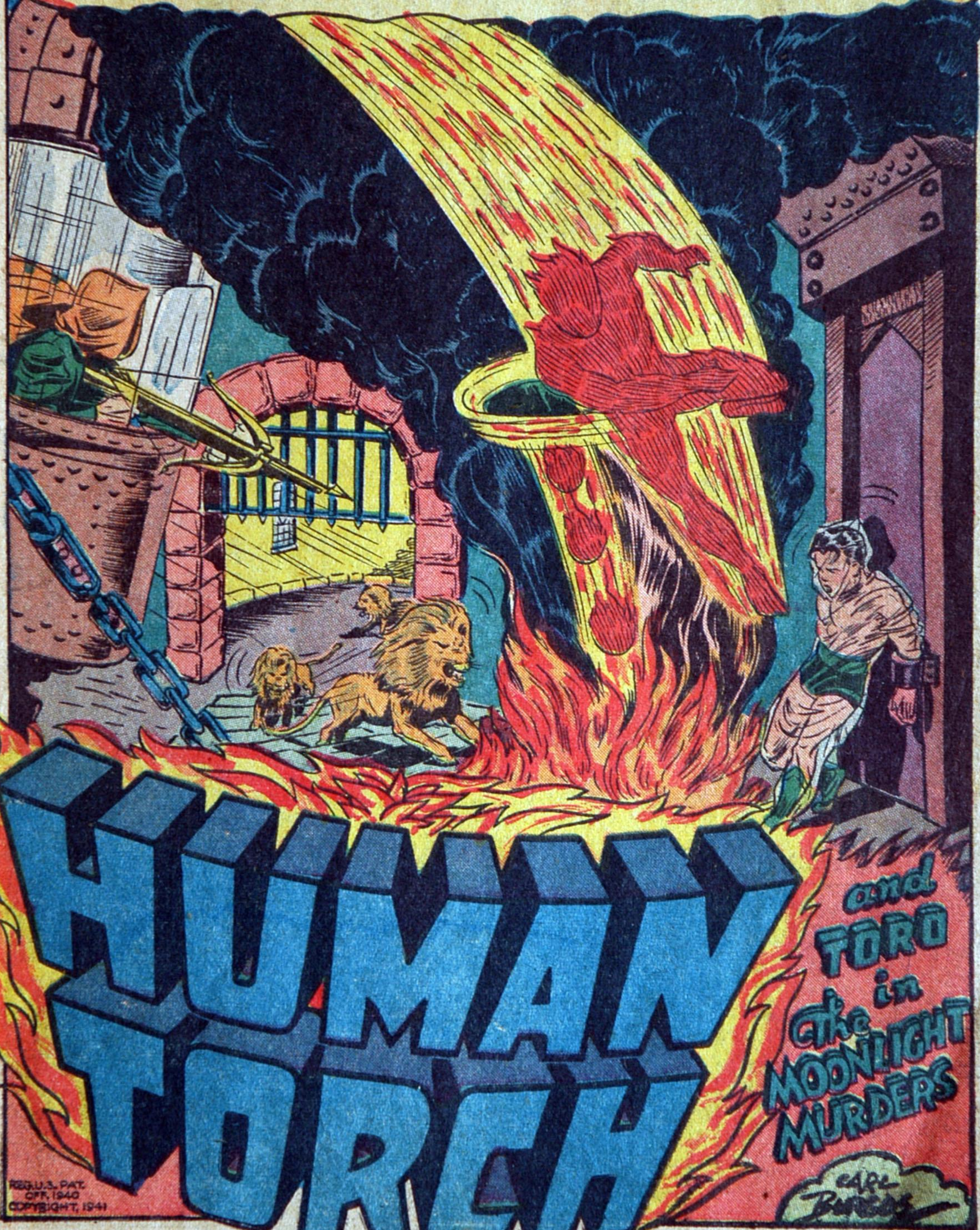
DEATH DOES NOT TAKE A HOLIDAY WHEN A MAD KILLER STALKS THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME .... ***HUMAN BEINGS!*** WITH DEMONIACAL CLEVERNESS HE STRIKES IN THE DARK BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON .... ONLY THE ***HUMAN TORCH*** AND ***TORO*** ARE READY TO ***TRACK THIS FIEND TO HIS LAIR!***



HUMAN TORCH and TORO in the MOONLIGHT MURDERS

REG.U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940 COPYRIGHT, 1941

ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON, IN A QUIET STREET, HORROR TAKES A HAND!
HELP! HELP!
...AN INSTANT LATER...
UGH!
OOH-H!
AS LIFE EBBS AWAY, A GLOATING FIGURE STANDS OVER THE VICTIMS!
HA! HA! THESE ARE THE FIRST, BUT NOT THE LAST! ...DEATH, YOU ARE MY MASTER!
THE NEXT MORNING...
HOW AWFUL! THOSE TWO BEING MURDERED LIKE THAT! LET'S GET DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, TORO, AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!
LET'S GO!
DAILY NOOSE
MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
NO... I WON'T SEE ANY REPORTERS! I... WHAT THE!
CRASH-H
HMM--- THERE'S A NOTE ATTACHED!
WHAT HAPPENED, CHIEF? WE HEARD A CRASH! GULP! A JAVELIN!
BLASTED NUISANCE! AND JUST WHEN EVERYTHING WAS PEACEFUL AND CHEERFUL!
TO NIGHT YOU'LL HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL!
The Javelin

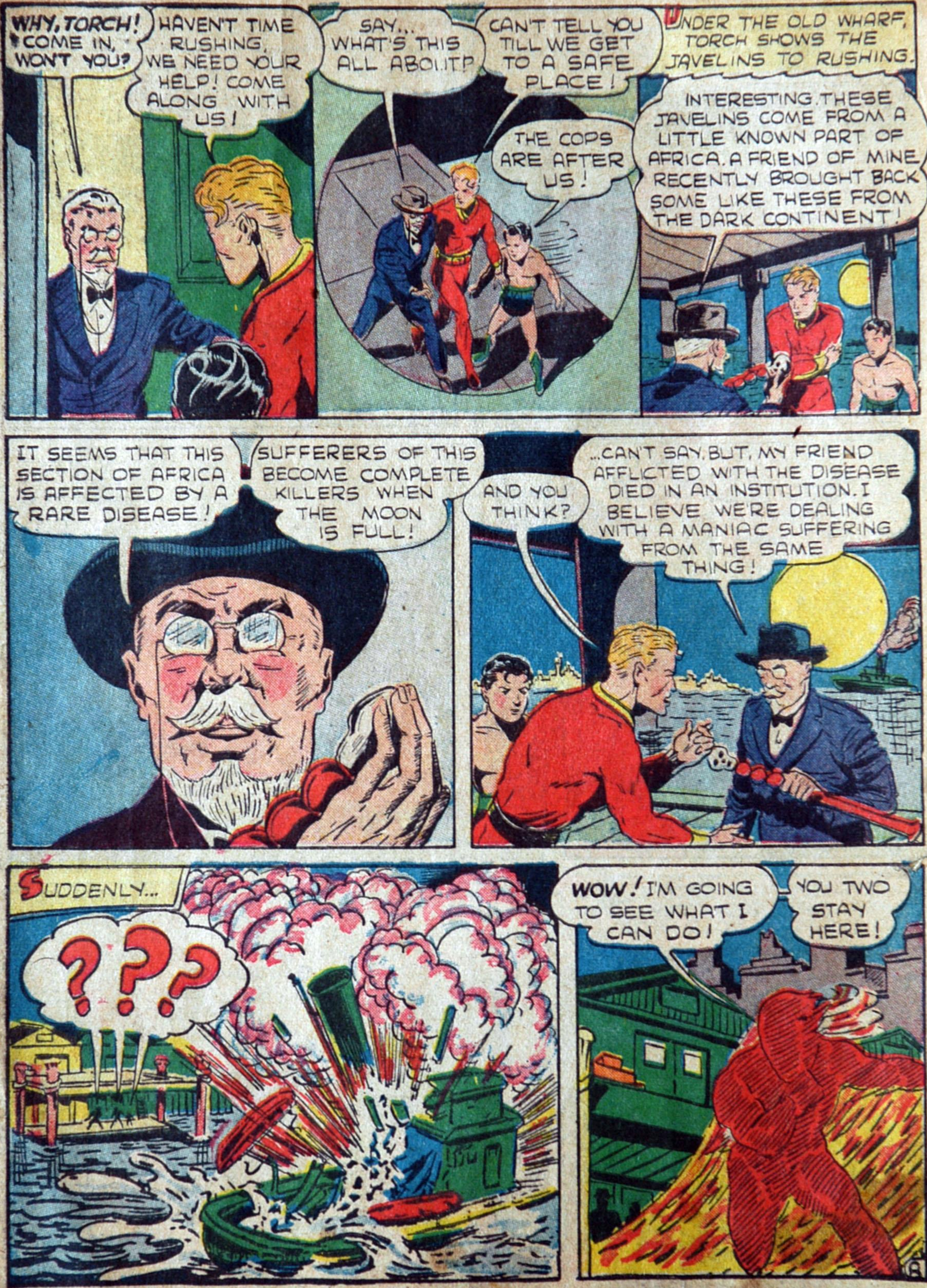
AT THAT MOMENT...
HELLO CHIEF! WHAT'S NEW ON THE JAVELIN MURDERS?
A NOTE FROM THE KILLER... LOOK!
YOU SAY, THE JAVELIN CAME THRU THE WINDOW? WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK FOR MYSELF!
I'LL HIT FOR THAT ROOF, YONDER!
HE THREW THE JAVELIN FROM HERE, ALL-RIGHT!
BUT, I GUESS THE BIRD HAS FLOWN THE COOP!
BACK IN THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE!
CHIEF, WE'RE DEALING WITH A KILLER WHO'LL STOP AT NOTHING... IF WE ONLY KNEW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...
WE DON'T... SO, I'M PUTTING EVERY AVAILABLE MAN ON DUTY TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT... VIGILANT POLICE CEASELESSLY PATROL THE CITY'S STREETS IN A DETERMINED EFFORT TO SEIZE THE SLAYER!
POLICE
TORCH AND TORO JOIN THE PATROL... SUDDENLY!
HELP! HELP!
E-E-E-K!
A WOMAN SCREAMING!
IT'S COMING FROM UP THERE! LET'S GO!

HURRY, TORO!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SWEETIE PIE!
TORCH AND TORO WITNESS A BLOOD CHILLING SPECTACLE!
HE'S GOING TO KILL HER!
DON'T TALK...DO SOMETHING!
EVEN AS THE FIERY DUO CRASH THRU THE WINDOW...
HA! UNEXPECTED COMPANY!
STOP! YOU FIEND!
SO...THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO!
THE HOODED MAN WHIPS OUT ANOTHER JAVELIN...BUT THE TORCH HURLS A FIRE-BALL AT THE WEAPON AND...
WHAT... IT'S MELTING!
TORO LEAPS AT THE KILLER, WHO NIMBLY SIDE-STEPS...
GOT YA!
THAT'S NOT THE WAY I HEARD IT!
THE MAN DRAWS A STRANGE, CYLINDRICAL, GUN WHICH HE LEVELS AT TORCH, PUTTING OUT HIS FLAME!
WHAT?
HA! HA! CARBON DIOXIDE! I WAS READY FOR YOU!
THE KILLER DOES THE SAME TO TORO!
NOW YOU'RE BOTH IN MY POWER!

WITH A POWERFUL BLOW THE HOODED MAN DOWNS TORCH:
YOU DIRTY RAT!
MIGHTY FRESH FOR A KID... AREN'T YOU?
THAT'LL HOLD YOU!
OW!
THE CALLOUS MURDERER IS ABOUT TO DO AWAY WITH THE HELPLESS PAIR WHEN...
OPEN THIS DOOR! IT'S THE POLICE! WHO SCREAMED IN THERE?
NOW TO FINISH OFF THESE TWO... AH! THE POLICE! ...I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN!
THE KILLER PLACES A JAVELIN IN TORCH'S HAND
WHEN THE COPS COME IN AND SEE THE GIRL, THEY'LL THINK THESE FIRE-FLYS COMMITED THIS CRIME! THEN I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR... INGENIUS...
THE DOOR IS SMASHED OPEN BY THE POLICE!
THE GIRL, SHE'S DEAD! STAND STILL YOU TWO!
WE DIDN'T DO IT... THE KILLER-
SAY, WHERE IS THAT GUY?
SORRY, TORCH! IT ALL POINTS TO YOU! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU BOTH UNDER ARREST!

NOT LONG AFTER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
BUT CHIEF..
I'M SORRY. I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU. YOU CAME INTO MY OFFICE RIGHT AFTER THE JAVELIN WAS THROWN...
YOU WERE FOUND IN THE DEAD GIRL'S ROOM. IT LOOKS BAD!
WELL, CHIEF... IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO! C'MON TORO!
RIGHT, TORCH!
HEY! STOP THEM!
NOT ME! I DON'T WANT THIRD DEGREE BURNS!
SMART COP! S'LONG CHIEF!
The INTREPID PAIR HEAD FOR A DESERTED WHARF!
HERE WE ARE... LET'S GET DOWN!
IMAGINE THAT! WE'RE FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE!
UNDER THE OLD WHARF.
SAY! WHAT'S THAT FIRE BOAT DOING?
OH... EVER SINCE THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY, THE FIREBOATS PATROL THE RIVER REGULARLY!
KID, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO
WE MUST GET HOLD OF ONE OF THOSE JAVELINS. THEN MAYBE WE CAN GET IT TRACED!
WHY THE DELAY? THEY'RE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

A PAIR OF FLAMING STREAKS DART ACROSS THE SKY AS THE TORCH AND TORO WING TOWARD THEIR DESTINATION!
HERE WE GO!
WATCH OUR SMOKE!
LATER, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...
TORO! I'VE GOT THEM!
...WANT ME TO TAKE A COUPLE OF CIGARS, TORCH?
JUST THEN-
HEY! WHAT DO YOU TWO WANT?
TURN ON THE HEAT, TORO!
RIGHTO!
TORCH AND TORO ZOOM OUT THE WINDOW, UNDER A HAIL OF LEAD FROM THE POLICEMAN!
HE MIGHT JUST AS WELL SAVE HIS BULLETS!
IN AND OUT OF THE WINDOW! TRA-LA-LA!
...AND THAT'S THE STORY, CHIEF...THEY TOOK THE JAVELINS FROM YOUR DESK!
SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM FOR THEM!
MEANWHILE...
HOPE SOMEBODY IS HOME!
WHAT'S THE IDEA? RINGING DOOR BELLS AT YOUR AGE!
THIS IS THE HOME OF MY FRIEND, EDWIN RUSHING, HE'S THE HEAD OF THE ARMS AND ARMOUR ROOM AT THE MUSEUM. HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACE THESE JAVELINS! AH! HERE COMES SOMEONE!


WHY, TORCH! COME IN, WON'T YOU?
HAVEN'T TIME RUSHING. WE NEED YOUR HELP! COME ALONG WITH US!
SAY... WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
CAN'T TELL YOU TILL WE GET TO A SAFE PLACE!
THE COPS ARE AFTER US!
UNDER THE OLD WHARF, TORCH SHOWS THE JAVELINS TO RUSHING.
INTERESTING. THESE JAVELINS COME FROM A LITTLE KNOWN PART OF AFRICA. A FRIEND OF MINE RECENTLY BROUGHT BACK SOME LIKE THESE FROM THE DARK CONTINENT!
IT SEEMS THAT THIS SECTION OF AFRICA IS AFFECTED BY A RARE DISEASE!
SUFFERERS OF THIS BECOME COMPLETE KILLERS WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!
AND YOU THINK?
...CAN'T SAY. BUT, MY FRIEND AFFLICTED WITH THE DISEASE DIED IN AN INSTITUTION. I BELIEVE WE'RE DEALING WITH A MANIAC SUFFERING FROM THE SAME THING!
SUDDENLY...
???
WOW! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
YOU TWO STAY HERE!

TORCH SWEEPS OUT OVER THE BURNING BOAT, THROWING A WALL OF FIRE AROUND IT!
THERE... NOW THAT'LL START A BACK-FIRE AND PUT OUT THE FLAMES ON THE BOAT!
AT PRECISELY THAT MOMENT, A SPEEDY OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT, RACES AWAY FROM THE FIRE!
HEH-HEH! PRETTY FLAMES... SEE THEM LEAPING HIGH!
THE BOAT LANDS AND THE MAN JUMPS OUT!
NOW TO GET TO THE CAR...
AND AWAY FROM HERE!
HEY! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
OOF!
?
WHY, I KNOW YOU, YOU'RE---O-OH-H-H!
MAYBE THIS WILL CLOSE YOUR MOUTH!
HEY
UMPH!
NEXT TIME REMEMBER TO TURN ON YOUR FLAME!

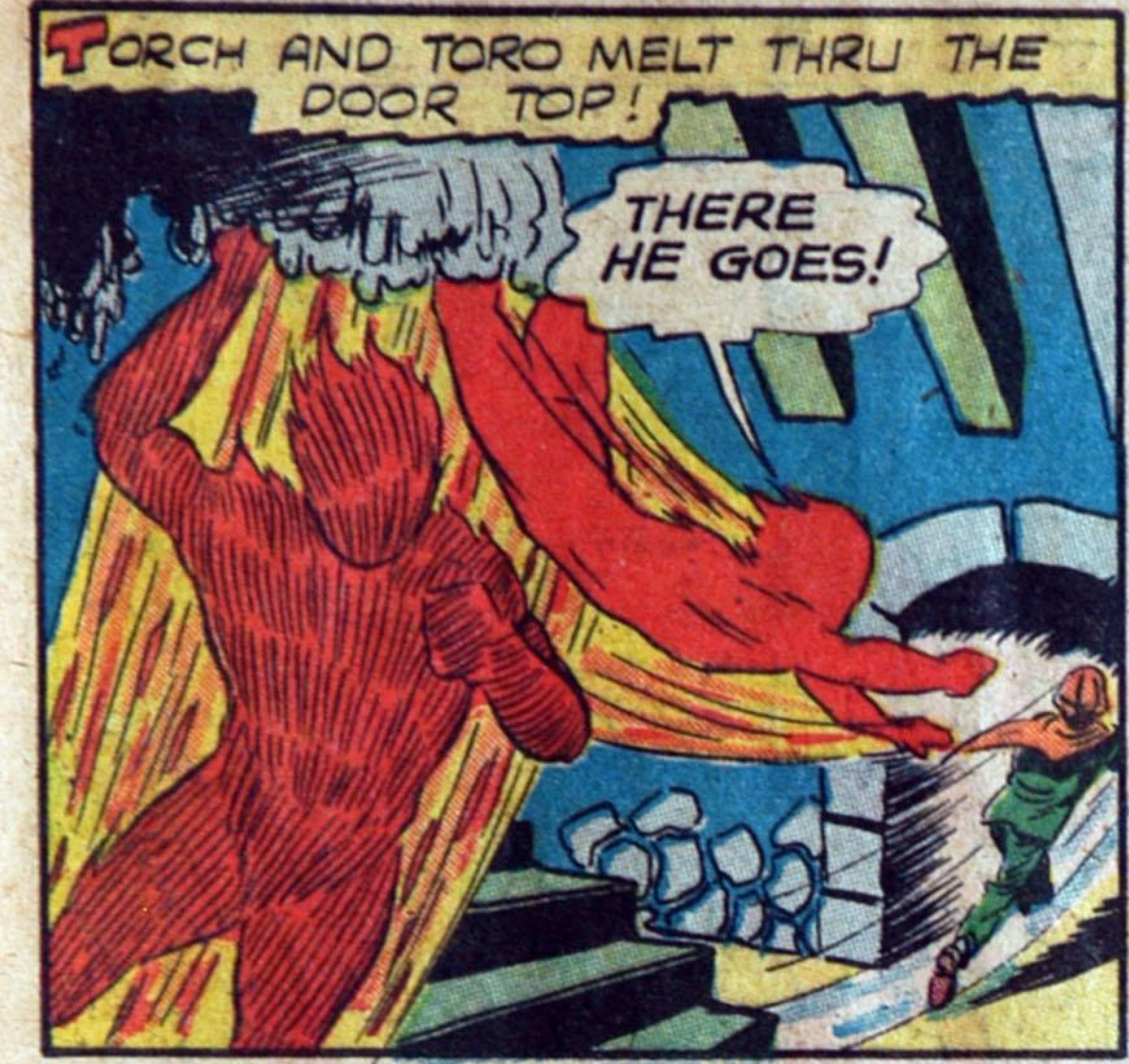
The HOODED MAN LIFTS THE UNCONSCIOUS TORO, AND RACES TO HIS CAR...
THIS IS MORE THAN I HOPED FOR! ...TORCHY'S SIDE KICK!
ATTRACTED BY THE TORCH'S WALL OF FIRE... A FIREBOAT RUSHES TO THE SCENE, AND THEN...
THERE'S THE TORCH! GET HIM!
THAT WATER.. I MUST- -GLUB-
The POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER SUBDUES THE TORCH'S FLAME!
DOWN!!! GOING DOWN, AND VERY FAST!
SPLASH
BOY... I WISH I WAS SUB-MARINER! SWIMMING WAS NEVER DOWN MY ALLEY!
MADE IT!
WHAT IN... ED-ED-WHAT HAPPENED?
RUSHING TELLS TORCH WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
NOW, LISTEN... I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND TORO AND THE REAL KILLER!
GO ON, I'M LISTENING!
MINUTES LATER, TORCH SHOOTS INTO THE HEAVENS AND WRITES A FLAMING MESSAGE TO THE POLICE!
I WILL BRING YOU THE REAL MURDERER! TORCH

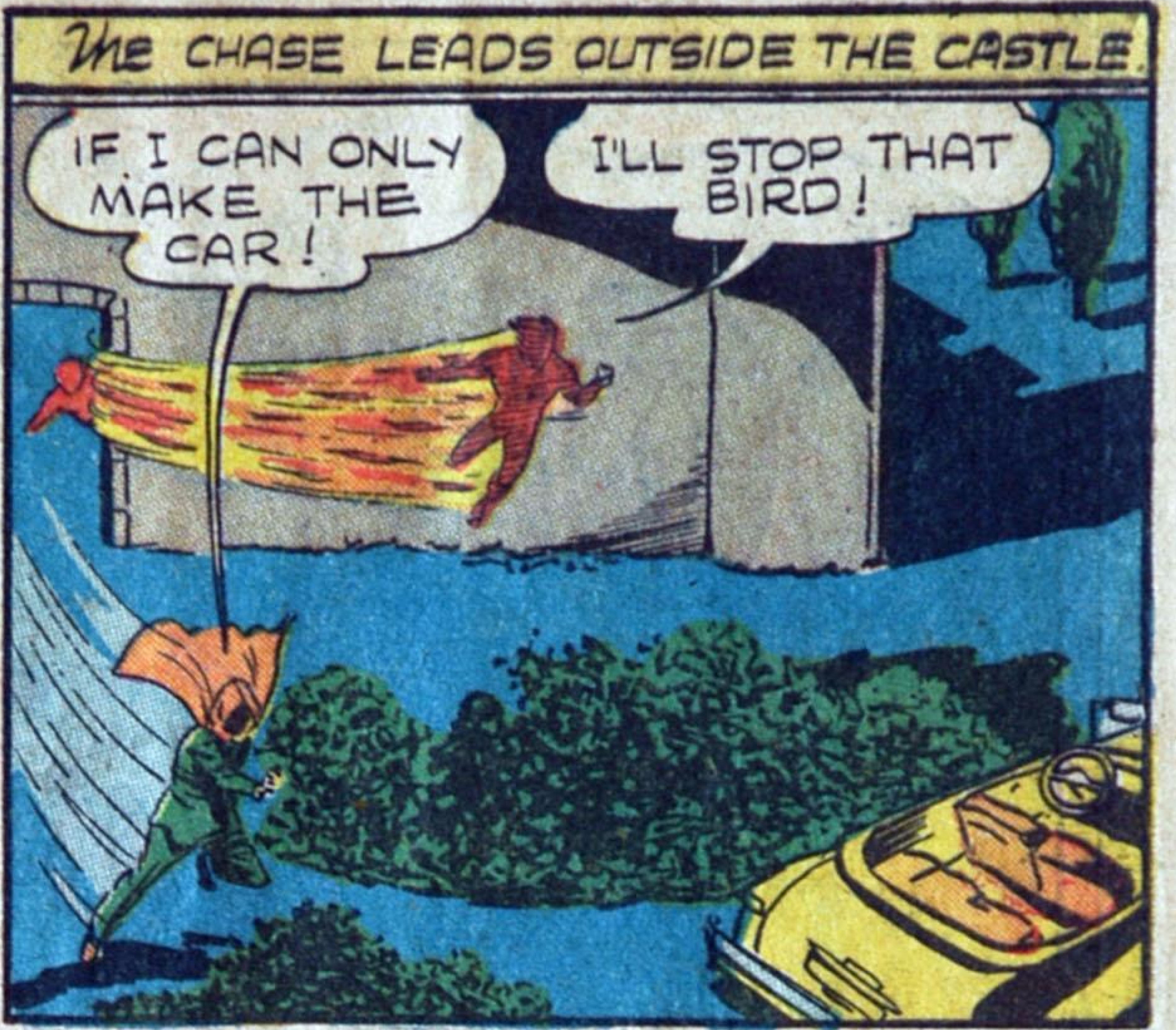
THEN IN A BLAZING ARC...THE TORCH DISAPPEARS INTO THE MAZE OF SKYSCRAPERS!
I MUST RESCUE TORO!
LATER, TORCH SEES A STRANGE SIGHT BENEATH HIM...
AH! THAT CASTLE IT'S THE PLACE I'M LOOKING FOR!
HM...THERE'S TWO WAYS OF GETTING INTO THIS MEDIEVAL TIN CAN!
---ONE OF THEM IS TO BURN THRU!
AH! I'M ALREADY INSIDE!
HMM...NICE COZY PLACE ..JUST LIKE THE YANKEE STADIUM!
SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND
TAKE THAT, MEDDLER!
TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON! HE'LL KEEP THE OTHER COMPANY!
YES, MASTER!

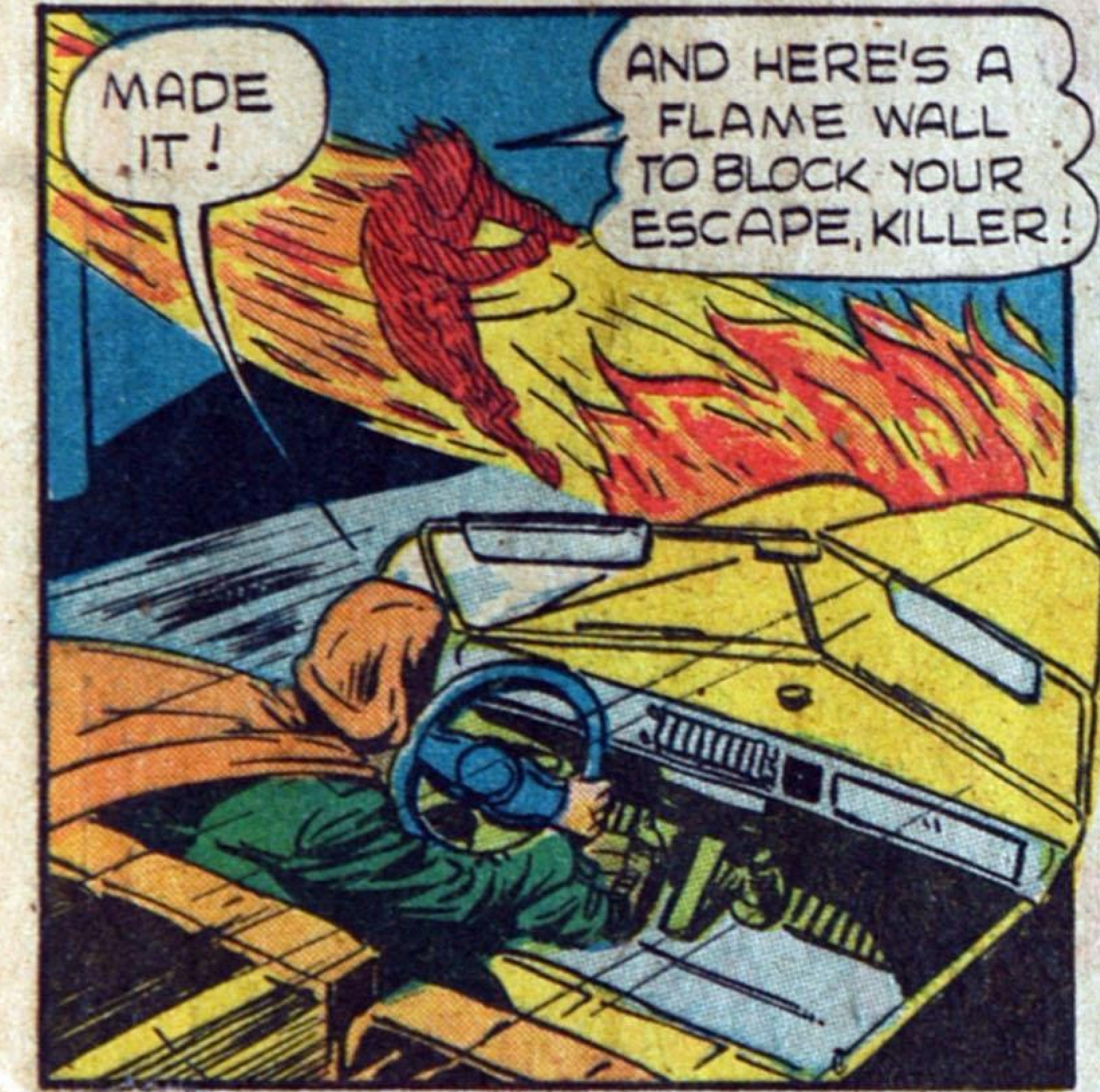
IN THE DUNGEON...
W-WHERE AM I?
HI YA, PAL?
NOW, I HOPE YOU BOYS DON'T TRY ANYTHING, OR I'LL SOAK YOU WITH SOME CARBON DIOXIDE!
THIS PARTY CALLS FOR SOME SPORT!
TORCH, I'VE A LITTLE PLAYTHING KNOWN AS THE RACK... WE'LL SOON KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF! ...BRING IN THE RACK!
TORCH IS STRAPPED INTO THE RACK!
SOON WE'LL BE READY TO APPLY THE PRESSURE!
NOW... THIS IS MY CHANCE. HE'S NOT COVERING ME WITH THE GUN.
TORO GOES TO THE RESCUE!
TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY! NOW WE'RE EVEN!
WHA-
GOOD WORK, KID!
NOW, YOU'LL SEE SOME REAL FIGHTING!!
HOW DOES THE HOT TOOTH-BRUSH FEEL?
NICE GOING, TORCH!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME... I BETTER GET GOING!

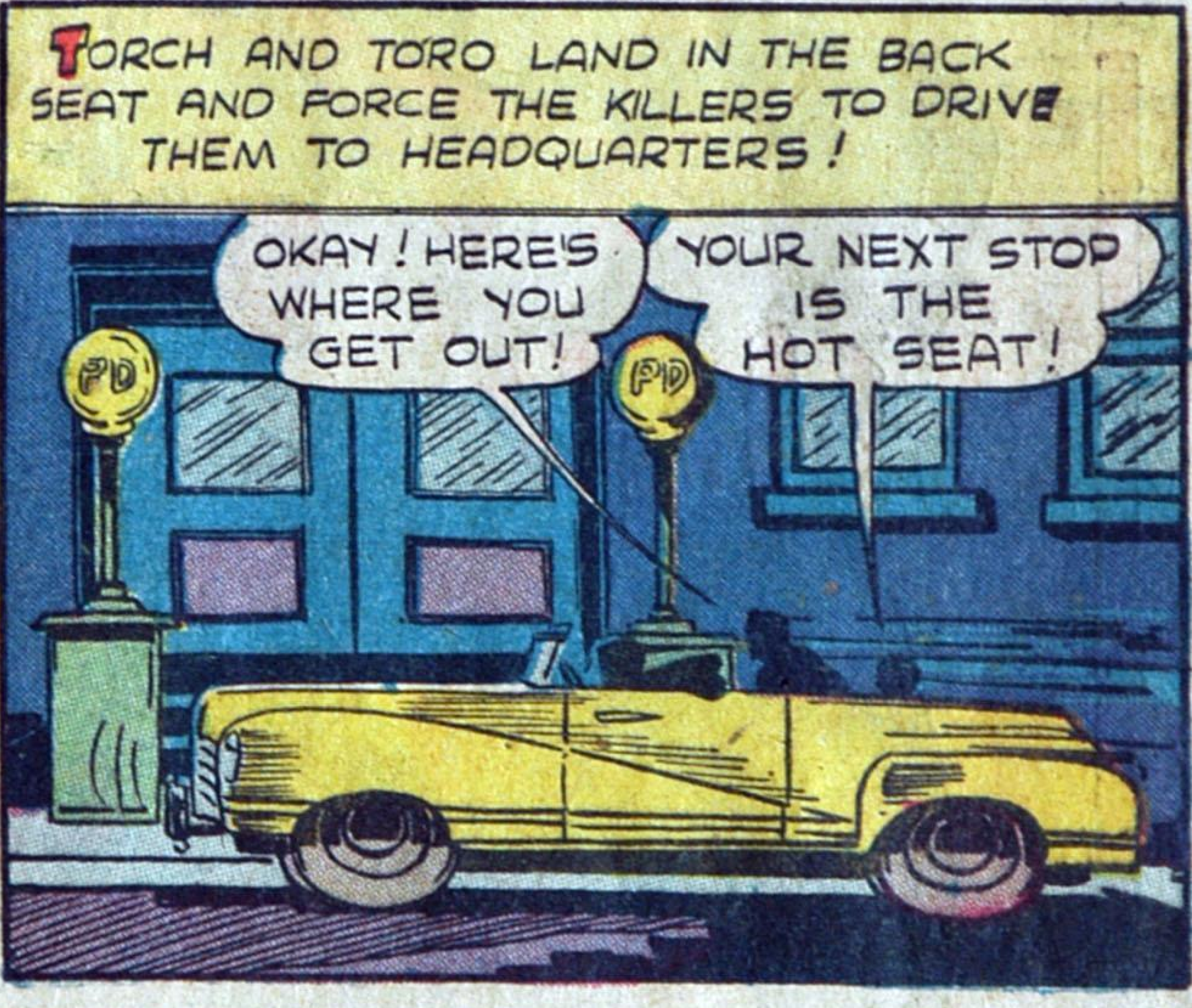
YOU WON'T GET FAR, CHUMP!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WHAT IN··· **HE'S VANISHED!** ...WHERE IN BLAZES COULD HE HAVE GONE?
WELL, I'VE SETTLED THOSE SERVANTS. I TIED THEM UP! WHERE'S THE KILLER?
DON'T KNOW! MUST BE A SECRET PASSAGE AROUND HERE!
TORCH TURNS A LOOSE BRICK ...AND...
LOOK... THE PANEL IS OPENING!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! JUST LIKE THE MOVIES!
...SURE IS DARK IN HERE!
YEP... **HELP! I'M FALLING!**
TURN ON YOUR FLAME!
WHOOPS! JUST DID! **WOW...** THAT WAS CLOSE!
THERE HE IS!
AND WHO'S THAT WITH HIM... HIS BROTHERS?
WON'T YOU COME IN, MY FRIENDS!

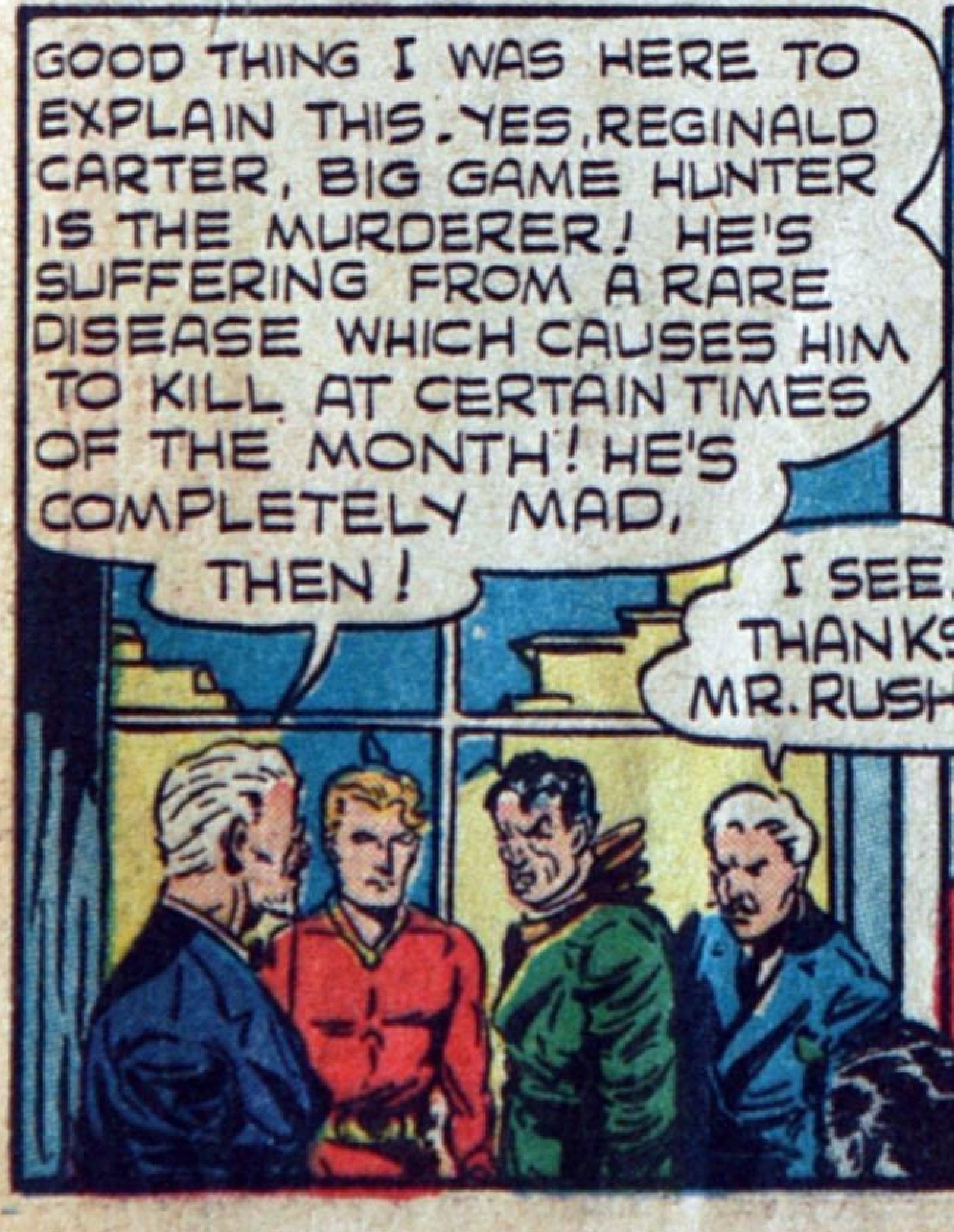
WITH THEIR FLAMES ON, TORCH AND TORO LEAP AT THE KILLER!
THAT'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE, HOT STUFFS!
UGH! MORE CARBON DIOXIDE SNOW! OUR FLAMES ARE OUT!
YEAH! AND THOSE LIONS ARE COMING RIGHT AT US!
WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE OUR FLAMES WHEN WE GET OUT OF RANGE OF THE CARBON FUMES!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR THEORY. THOSE LIONS LOOK HUNGRY.
FAR DOWN THE PASSAGE, THE FLAME MASTERS TRY TO TURN ON THEIR FLAMES, AND---
IT WORKED!
WATCH OUT! THAT LION CAN'T STOP!
THE TORCH WINGS BETWEEN TORO AND THE BEAST...
WOW! LOOK AT THAT BABY JITTERBUG GO!
AFRAID OF FIRE, THE BEASTS RETURN TO THEIR MASTER!
HE'S SHOOTING ARROWS AT US!
WELL, WELL, WE'LL FIX THAT!
A BLAST OF FIRE-BALLS INTERCEPT THE ARROWS!
HOW'S THAT, KILLER?
BAH! YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME, YET!
HE WENT DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!
THAT'S NO BARRIER!

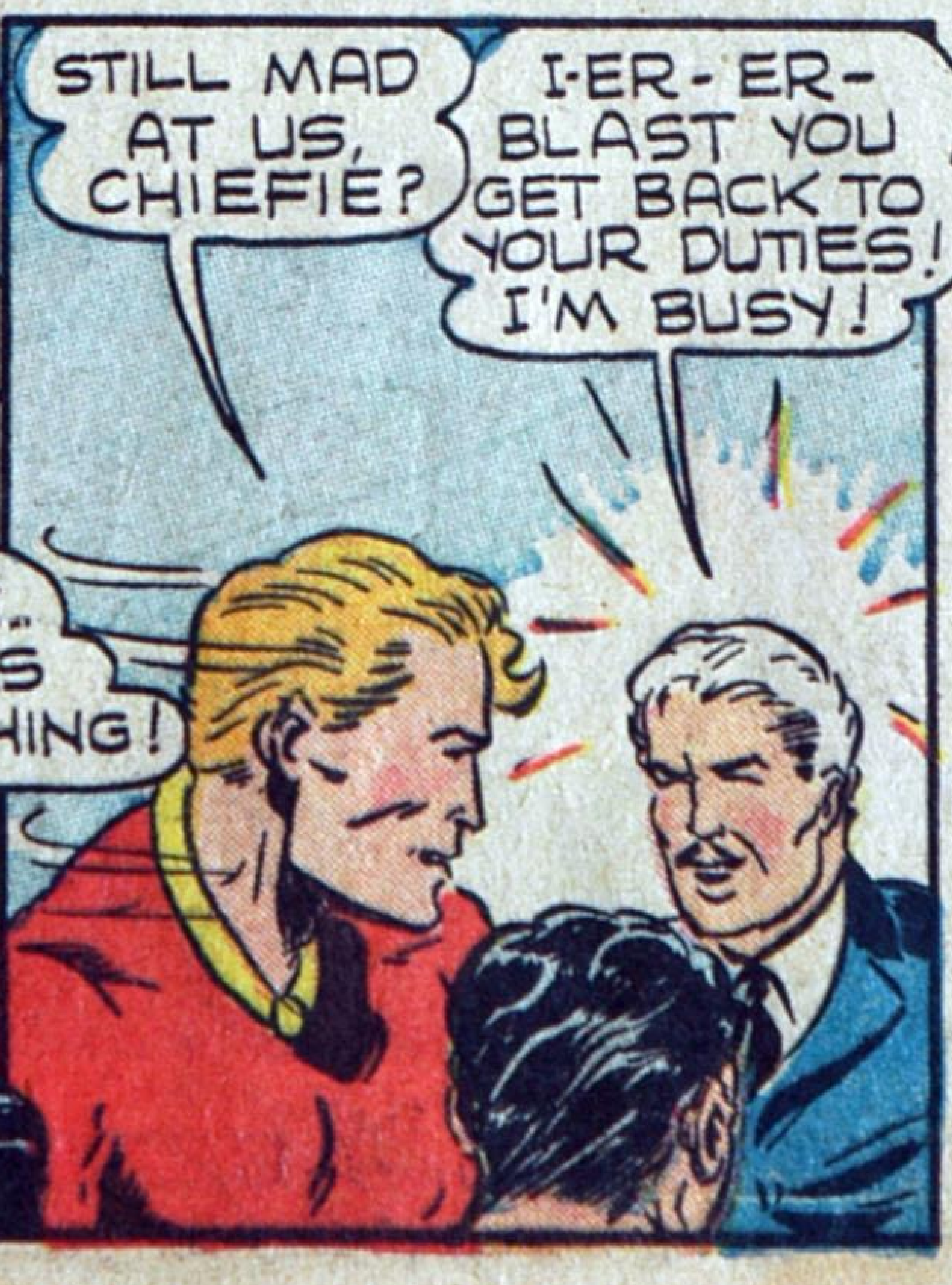

TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE DOOR TOP!
THERE HE GOES!

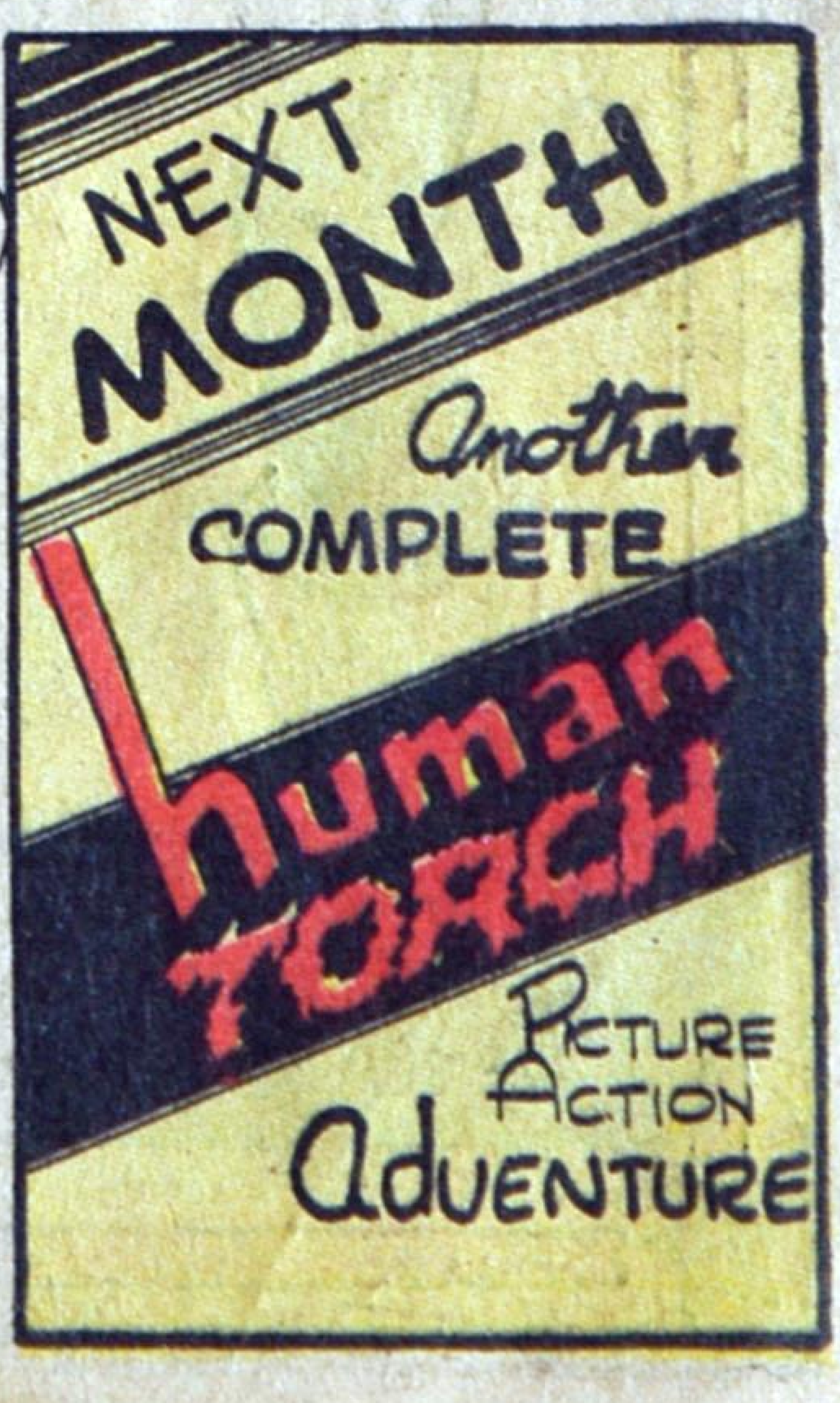

The CHASE LEADS OUTSIDE THE CASTLE
IF I CAN ONLY MAKE THE CAR!
I'LL STOP THAT BIRD!


MADE IT!
AND HERE'S A FLAME WALL TO BLOCK YOUR ESCAPE, KILLER!


TORCH AND TORO LAND IN THE BACK SEAT AND FORCE THE KILLERS TO DRIVE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS!
OKAY! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OUT!
YOUR NEXT STOP IS THE HOT SEAT!
PD
PD


GOOD THING I WAS HERE TO EXPLAIN THIS. YES, REGINALD CARTER, BIG GAME HUNTER IS THE MURDERER! HE'S SUFFERING FROM A RARE DISEASE WHICH CAUSES HIM TO KILL AT CERTAIN TIMES OF THE MONTH! HE'S COMPLETELY MAD, THEN!
I SEE.. THANKS MR. RUSHING!


STILL MAD AT US, CHIEFIE?
I-ER-ER-BLAST YOU GET BACK TO YOUR DUTIES! I'M BUSY!


NEXT MONTH
Another COMPLETE
human TORCH
PICTURE ACTION Adventure

DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY

NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS.

330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY.
ROOM 1010.

THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY AND STATE..
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
....

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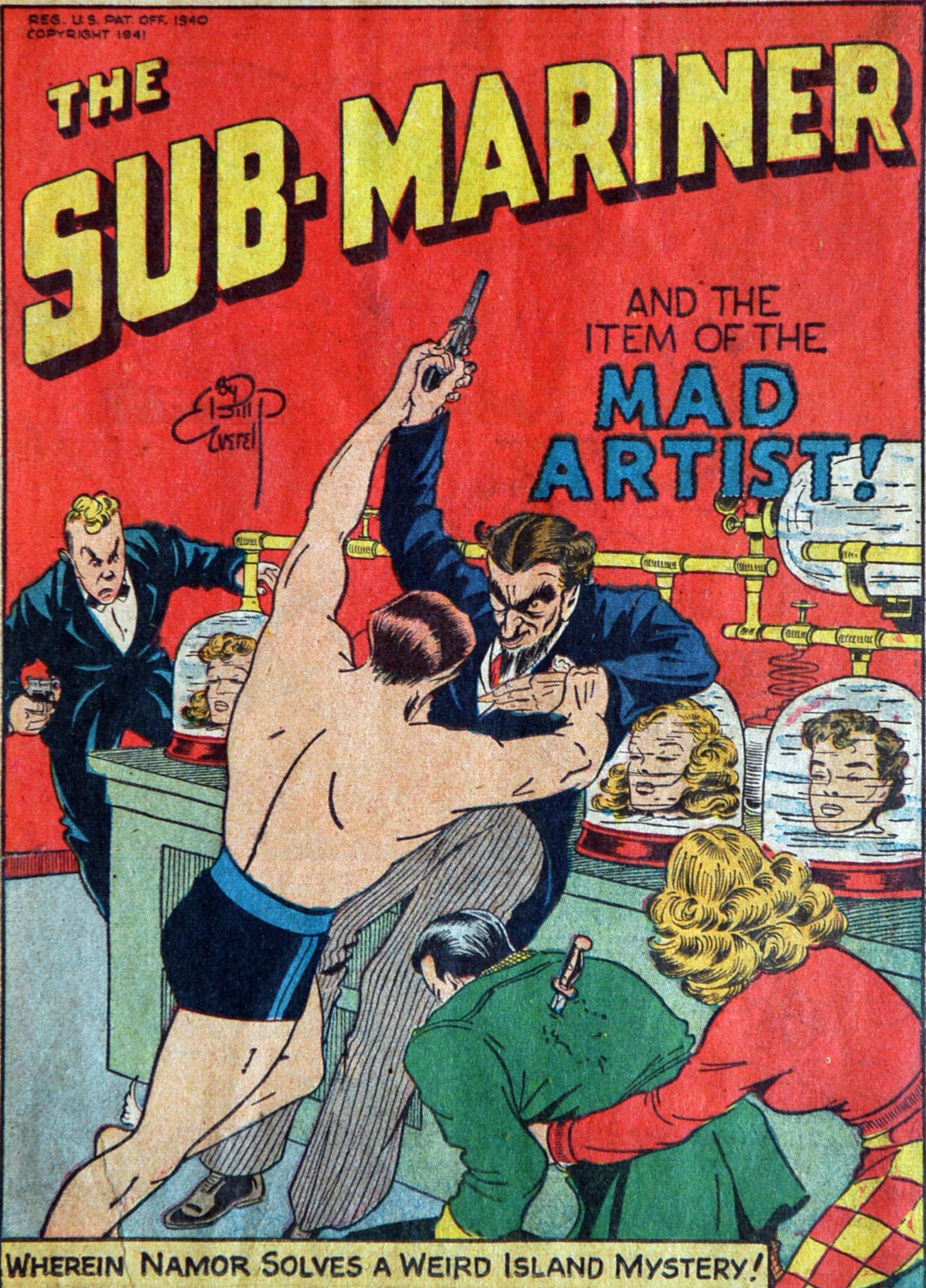
THE SUB-MARINER

AND THE ITEM OF THE MAD ARTIST!


By Bill Everett

WHEREIN NAMOR SOLVES A WEIRD ISLAND MYSTERY!

AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE "FALKON" AND THE "GHOST-SHIP," NAMOR SWIMS NORTH THROUGH THE WATERS OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA.....
HOPE THOSE KIDS MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT — BUT IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, REALLY.
FUNNY THAT THE GIRL SHOULD BE BETTY DEAN'S SISTER ---- BETTY NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT HER. THINK I'LL RUN UP TO NEW YORK AND HAVE A TALK WITH THAT FEMALE FLATFOOT!
...A FIGURE STRUGGLING IN THE WATER NEARBY SUDDENLY ATTRACTS NAMOR'S ATTENTION...
HELLO! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
H-E-L-P! GLUB! H-E-L-P!
FOR THE LOVE OF LUNA! IT'S A GIRL! HOLD ON, SUGAR, I'M A-COMIN'!!!
H-E-L-P!
AS NAMOR REACHES HER, THE GIRL FAINTS WITH A SLIGHT GROAN.
HOLY HALIBUT! HOW'D SHE GET OUT THIS FAR? BUCK UP, GIRLIE! YOUR OL' UNCLE NAMOR'LL FIX YOU UP IN A JIFFY!
OOOOO-O-OH!
HIS POWERFUL FEET PROPEL HIM WITH THE SPEED OF AN ARROW TOWARD THE SHORE....
MUST BE AT LEAST TWO MILES FROM LAND, AND SHE'S FULLY DRESSED!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER HE CARRIES HER OUT ON TO A BEACH....
MAYBE SHE FELL OUT OF A LAUNCH - OR WAS IN A SHIPWRECK, OR SOMETHING.
AS HE RENDERS ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, A LOCAL FISHERMAN COMES UP ON THE RUN....
HEY! SOMEBUDDY DROWNEDED, MISTUH?
WELL, WE AIN'T PLAYIN' LEAPFROG, STUPID!

KIN I HALP ENNY?
NOT MUCH TO DO NOW. SHE SEEMS TO BE COMING AROUND A LITTLE. HEY-WAIT! SHE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!
NAME'S V-VICKI ··· TELL D-DICK ARBOR ··· STEFAN NATAS ··· DEVIL ··· GET POLICE! HURRY···· HURRY! T-TELL DICK! O-OOOH!
FAINTED AGAIN! BUT SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW. KNOW THIS GUY ARBOR SHE MENTIONED?
SURE! RICH YOUNG FELLA ··· LIVES UP THE ROAD A PIECE ··· I'LL DRIVE Y'ALL THERE!
IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY'RE CHUGGING THEIR WAY ALONG THE HIGHWAY IN THE FISHERMAN'S ANCIENT FLIVVER.
DICK ARBOR'S A STOCK-BROKER ··· LIVES ALONE ··· SISTER'S VISITIN' 'IM NOW ··· THIS MUST BE VICKI AMHURST, DICK'S FIANCÉE ··· WE'LL BE TO DICK'S PLACE IN A MINNIT.
THEY RATTLE NOISILY THROUGH THE GATES OF A HUGE OLD SOUTHERN ESTATE, AND PULL UP UNDER THE PORTE-COCHERE ···
HERE WE BE, MISTUH! RECKON THE GAL'S ALL RIGHT?
UH-HUH! ALL SHE NEEDS IS HOT MILK AND A LOT OF REST—AND DOCTOR'S CARE.
YUH WON'T BE NEEDIN' ME NOW, WILL YUH?
GUESS NOT. THANKS ANYWAY FOR THE LIFT!
HELLO! I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. ARBOR, PLEASE— IN A HURRY!
GOOD HEAVENS! MISS VICKI!!!! W-WHAT—?
C-COME IN! COME RIGHT IN, SIR! I'LL G-GET MR. ARBOR IMMEDIATELY! Y-YOU MAY P-PUT MISS VICKI ON THE DIVAN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR!
3

A FEW SECONDS LATER, YOUNG ARBOR DASHES INTO THE ROOM ···
VICKY!!! WHERE IS SHE? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
EASY, MR. ARBOR!
PARKS TOLD ME — OH, LORD!!! IS SHE----???? VICKI, SPEAK TO ME! IT'S DICK! VICKI!
CALM YOURSELF, SIR! SHE'S MERELY ASLEEP··· EXHAUSTED. SHE WAS DROWNING, AND WHEN I RESCUED AND REVIVED HER SHE SAID TO TELL YOU THAT "STEFAN NATAS IS A DEVIL". WHO IS THIS MAN? DO YOU KNOW HIM?
WHAT A RELIEF! STEFAN NATAS? HUH! I KNOW WHO HE IS ··· A FOREIGN SCREWBALL WHO LIVES ON AN ISLAND ABOUT FOUR MILES OUT. INSANELY PROUD OF SOME TROPICAL UNDERSEA GARDENS HE'S GOT THERE ···· SEEMS TO HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY, BUT OTHERWISE NO ONE KNOWS VERY MUCH ABOUT HIM.
VICKI WENT TO ONE OF HIS FAMOUS PARTIES LAST NIGHT, AGAINST MY ADVICE ··· HE HAS A BAD REPUTATION WHERE WOMEN ARE CONCERNED. - OH, BY THE WAY, THIS IS MY SISTER, ARLINE, SPORTSWOMAN, AND SPEEDBOAT RACER··· YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF HER?
OH-OH! THE SUB-MARINER! WHAT GOES?
THIS MAN JUST RESCUED VICKI FROM DROWNING! YOU KNOW HIM?
KNOW HIM? WHO DOESN'T! I'VE SEEN HIS PICTURES IN THE PAPERS OFTEN ENOUGH! TOO BAD YOU DON'T KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES DICK··· OR YOU'D'VE RECOGNISED HIM, TOO! HOWDY, NAMOR!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MISS! THIS MAN NATAS INTERESTS ME ··· WHAT SAY WE RUN OUT AND PAY HIM A VISIT? HAVE YOU A BOAT HANDY? BEFORE WE GO, YOU'D BETTER PUT THE YOUNG LADY UNDER A DOCTOR'S CARE, THOUGH.
IN A FEW MINUTES ···
WELL, DOC CARLSON'S ON HIS WAY OVER ··· VICKI'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW. LET'S TAKE THE CHRIS-CRAFT, ARLINE ··· IT'S FASTER.
OKAY ··· I'LL DRIVE.

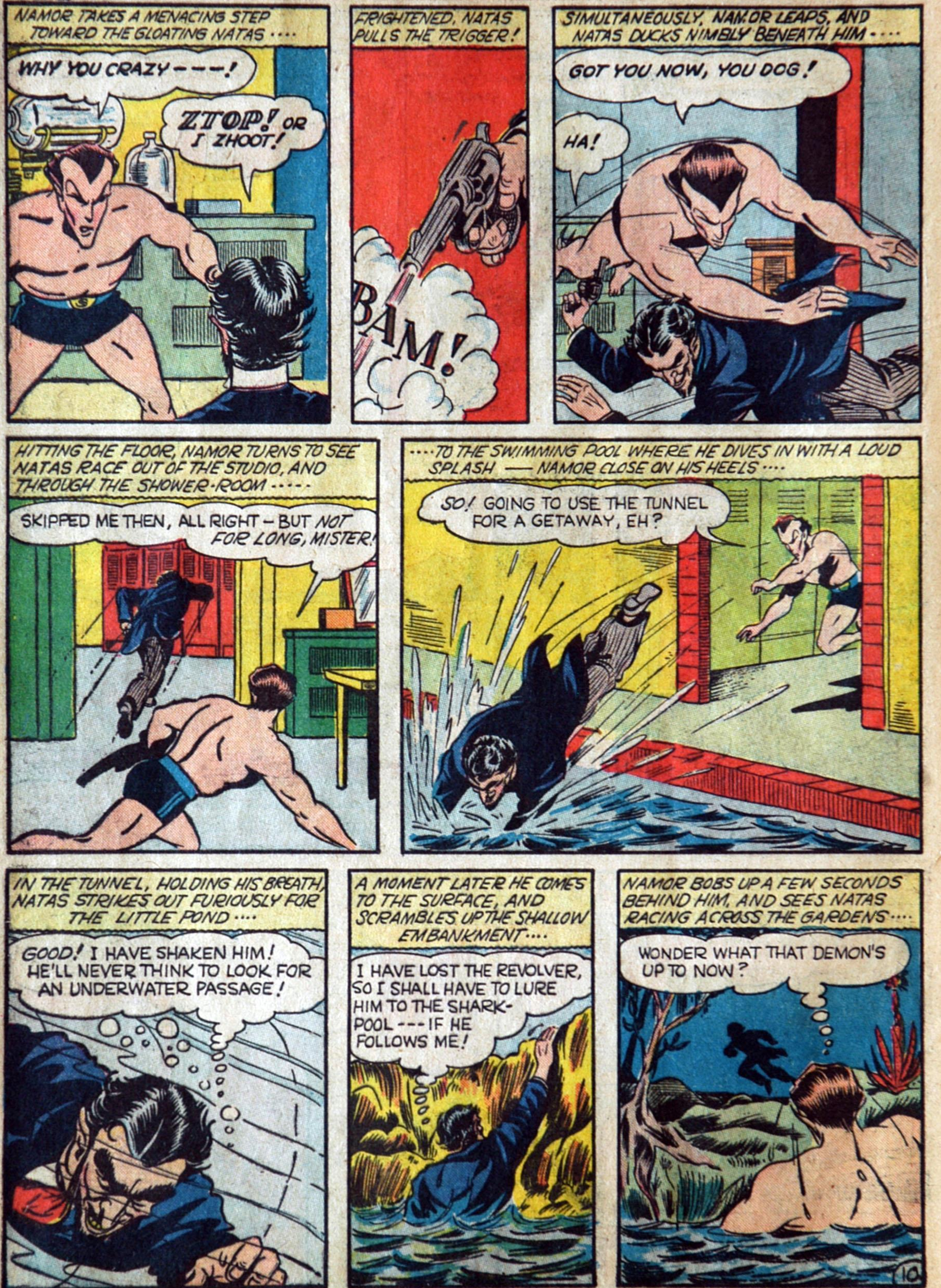
IN THE LITTLE RUNABOUT, THE TRIO MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CALM SHORE WATERS.
READ SOME SCANDAL ABOUT NATAS, DIDN'T I? HIS NAME SEEMS VAGUELY FAMILIAR.
UH-HUH! HE GOT MIXED UP WITH SOME CHORUS-GIRLS-- THEY SEEM TO HAVE A HABIT OF GOING TO HIS PARTIES, AND NEVER SHOWING UP AGAIN! BUT THE COPS HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PIN ANYTHING ON HIM YET!
...AND SOME TIME LATER APPROACH A REMOTE ISLAND, UPON WHICH RAMBLES AN EXTENSIVE SPANISH-STYLE MANSION....
WELL, THERE SHE IS! SOME LAYOUT, HUH?
WOW! A VEST-POCKET CASTLE! BUT TELL ME --- IF THIS GUY HAS SUCH A BAD REPUTATION, HOW DID YOUR FRIEND VICKI HAPPEN TO GO TO ONE OF HIS PARTIES?
TELL YOU IN A MINUTE.... HELP ME OUT DICK, WILL YOU? HOWDY, SAM--JOE! THE BIG BOSS-MAN IN?
SHO' IS, MISSY! WATCH YO' STEP!
RIGHT DIS 'ERE WAY, MISSY! AH'LL SHOW Y'ALL TO DE DO'!
THANKS, SAM! VICKI'S COUSIN, BILL AMHURST, KNEW NATAS IN NEW YORK, NAMOR — AND INVITED BILL TO SEE HIS MARINE GARDENS. VICKI WANTED TO GO, TOO, AND WE COULDN'T DISSUADE HER.
A MOMENT LATER THE BUTLER GREETS THEM
YES? WHOM DO YOU WISH TO SEE?
SIGNOR NATAS, YOU DOPE! WHO ELSE?
HERE HE COMES, NAMOR!
AHA! SO EET EES MY FRANS, ZEE ARBORS, YES? HOW ZEELIGHTFUL! AN' TO WOT DO I OWE ZEE HONOR OF ZIS ONEXPECTED PLAISURE? WHO EES YOU' FRAN', MEESTAIR ARBOR?
YOU'LL MEET HIM SOON ENOUGH, YOU GREASY FAKER! TELL ME QUICK— WHAT DID YOU DO TO VICKI AMHURST LAST NIGHT???
5.]

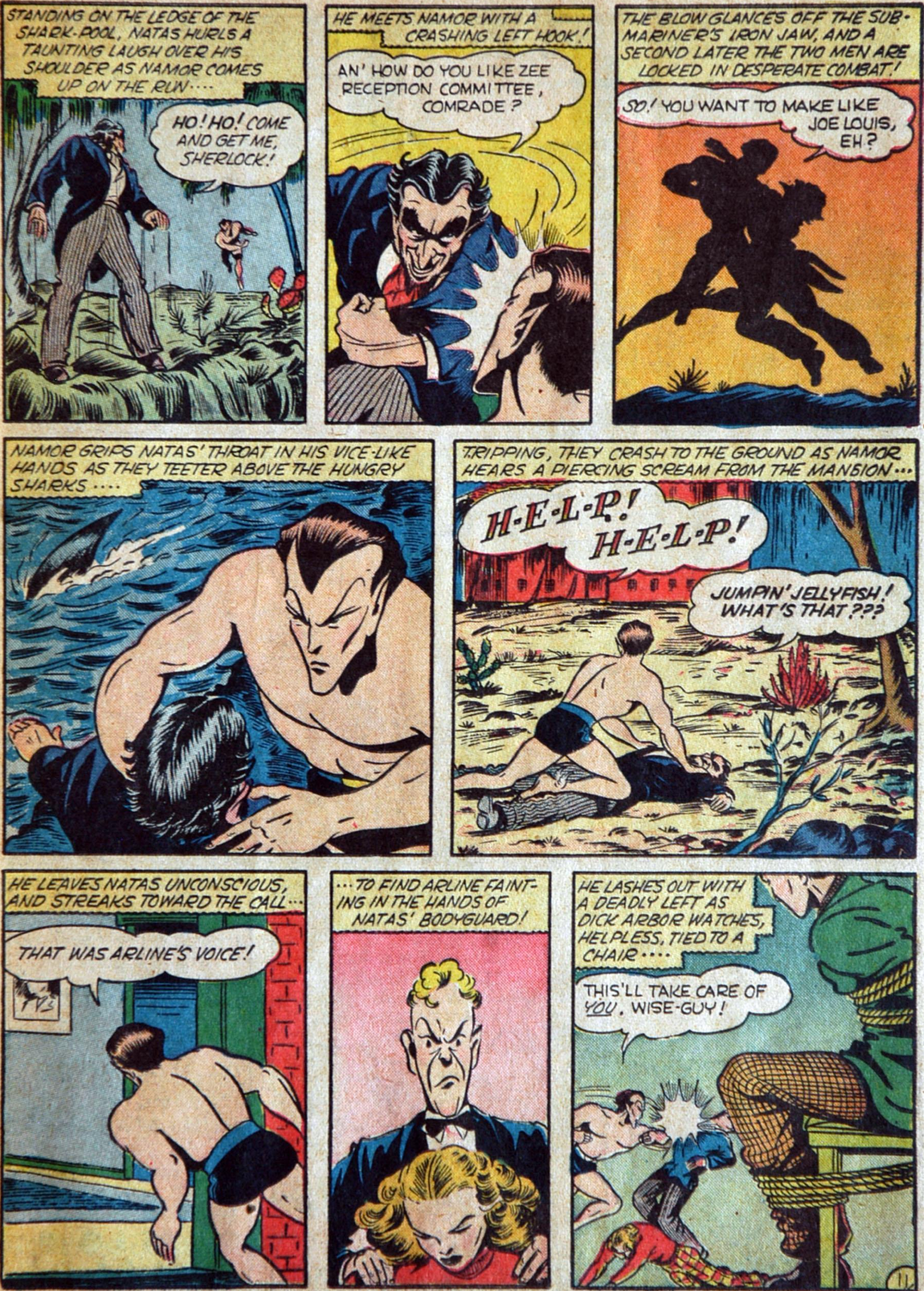
VICKI AMHURST? AH, YES! SHE EES ZEE BEE-OO-TI-FUL YOUNG BLONDE GIRL WHO CAME TO MY PARTY WIZ HER COUSIN LAST NIGHT, YES? I SEEM TO REMEMBER ZERE WAS A LEETLE TROUBLE ···· I HEARD ZEM ARGUING ON ZEE PORCH ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK ZIS MORNING, AND WENT OUT TO INVESTIGATE ·····
ZEE COUSIN RESENTED MY INTRUSION, AND INSULTED ME — I HAD TO KNOCK HIM DOWN. ZEE GIRL SCREAMED AND JUMPED OFF ZEE PORCH ···· WE SEARCHED, BUT COULD NOT FIND HER. SHE PROBABLY HIRED ONE OF MY BOATMEN TO TAKE HER HOME.
WHY? EES ANYZING ZEE MATTER?
IS ANYTHING THE MATTER??? YOU KNOW DARN WELL THERE IS, YOU — YOU LIAR!!! I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD YOU SAY!
EASY, DICK!
COME CLEAN, YOU MISERABLE GREASE-BALL, OR I'LL — — —!!! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER???
SMACK!
DICK! CALM YOURSELF! YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT THAT WAY!
OH YES I WILL! LET ME AT HIM!
JUST A MINUTE, MISTAIR ARBOR!
YOUR FRAN' EES RIGHT! ZAT WAS NOT A VERY POLITE ZING FOR YOU TO DO ····· BUT YOU ARE FORGIFFEN. I ONDERSTAN' YOUR AGITATION AN' IMPETUOSITY ···· BUT BELIEVE ME, I HAVE TOLD YOU ZEE TRUTH — I DID ABZOLUTELY NOZZING TO MEES AMHURST!
OKAY-OKAY! I'M SORRY I SLUGGED YOU, BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE YOU! C'MON, KIDS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I REALLY LOSE MY TEMPER!
ONE MOMENT, MISTAIR ARBOR! PERHAPS WHILE YOU ARE HERE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOUR FRAN' MY PRETTY TROPICAL GARDENS, YES?
HMM!
GOOD IDEA, DICK! NAMOR SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN 'EM!

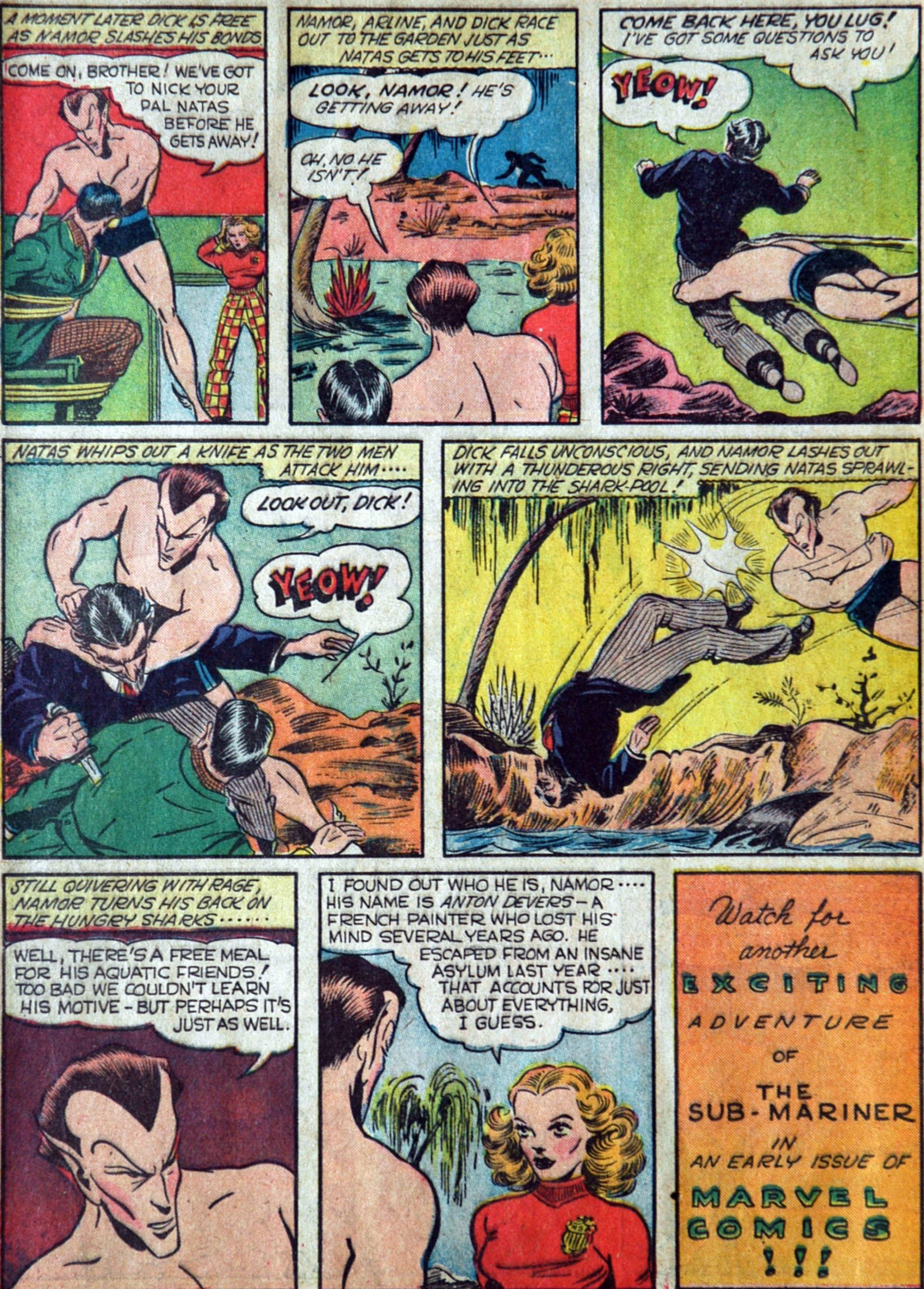
OKAY - YOU TAKE HIM OUT, ARLINE - I'LL JOIN YOU LATER. I WANT ANOTHER WORD WITH "MISTAIR" NATAS -- IN PRIVATE!
ZO? AN' WOT EES EET YOU WEESH TO ZAY TO ME -- IN PRIVATE?
OUTSIDE, NAMOR AND ARLINE STROLL ALONG THE EDGE OF A SMALL, FLOWER-BEDECKED, FRESH-WATER POND ···
IT IS BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT, NAMOR? HOW SUCH A HORRIBLE MAN CAN HAVE SUCH GOOD TASTE, I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW! YOU'D ALMOST THINK HE WAS AN ARTIST!
PERHAPS HE IS, ARLINE -- BUT A MIGHTY STRANGE ONE! DID YOU NOTICE HOW MUCH HE LOOKS LIKE STORY-BOOK ILLUSTRATORS' PICTURES OF THE DEVIL?
COULD ANYONE HELP NOTICING IT?
I THINK DICK'S RIGHT — NATAS IS LYING! I'VE A HUNCH SOMETHING MORE UNPLEASANT THAN A MERE ARGUMENT HAPPENED HERE LAST NIGHT - AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS!!!
SINCE WATER'S MY NATURAL ELEMENT, I'LL START MY INVESTIGATION HERE ····· WAIT FOR ME, ARLINE - I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES!
NAMOR PLUNGES SWIFTLY TO THE BOTTOM ·······
NOTICED AIR-BUBBLES RISING OCCASIONALLY TO THE SURFACE --- THAT MEANS THERE'S AN OUTLET DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE ····
AND THERE'S A FAINT TOUCH OF CHLORINE IN THE WATER, TOO ··· THAT'S FUNNY ··· OH-OH! WHAT'S THIS --- A TUNNEL?
7

NAMOR DARTS SWIFTLY INTO THE NARROW OPENING ....
HAD AN IDEA I'D FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING DOWN HERE!
SWIMMING THROUGH THE DARK PASSAGE, HE SUDDENLY SEES LIGHT FROM ABOVE, AND BOBS TO THE SURFACE, TO FIND HIMSELF IN – –
AN INDOOR SWIMMING-POOL! WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!!!
CURIOUS, HE PULLS HIMSELF UP ONTO THE TILED PROMENADE ...
THIS IS AN ODD SET-UP! EXPLAINS THE CHLORINE I TASTED IN THE POND OUTSIDE
.... AND INSPECTS THE SHOWER-ROOM. SOMETHING IN THE LAST STALL ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION, AND HE PAUSES ....
HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?
FIRST
HE STEPS INTO THE BOOTH .....
THIS BACK WALL IS MOVABLE!
....THE WALL SWINGS BACK, OPENING INTO A DARKENED ROOM .....
HMMM! DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS AT ALL!
.... HE FUMBLES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH ....

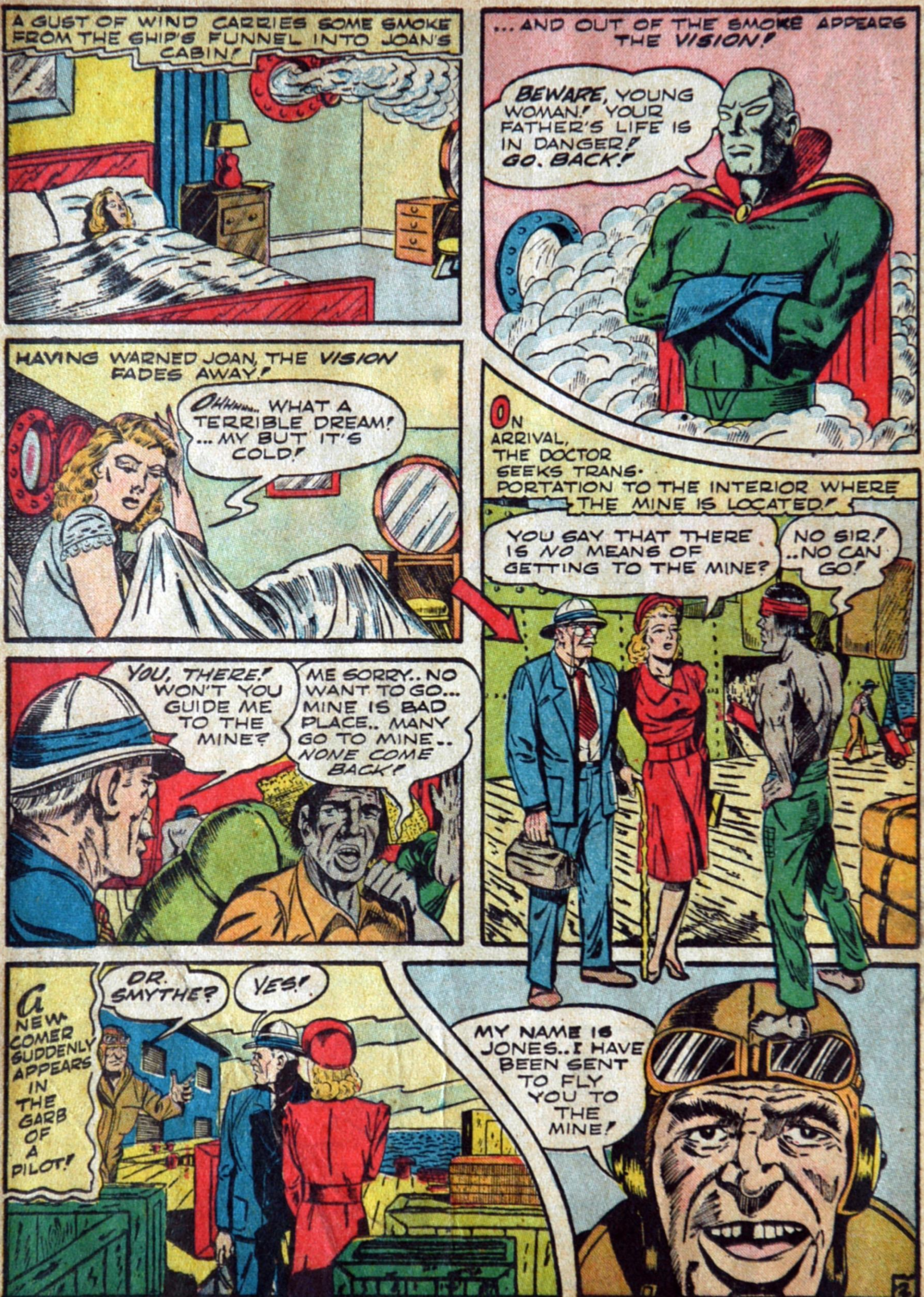
···AND FALLS BACK AMAZED, AS THE LIGHTS REVEAL A FULLY-EQUIPPED ARTIST'S STUDIO!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MEANING OF THIS???
HE STEPS UP TO THE EASEL, AND EXAMINES AN UNFINISHED CANVAS····
HOLY MACKEREL! THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF - OF VICKI AMHURST!
FURTHER INSPECTING THE STUDIO, HE COMES UPON A LOCKED DOOR····
WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM?
FLIPPING THE SWITCH, HE STANDS AGHAST!
SUFFERIN' SHAD! HUMAN HEADS, ENCASED IN ALCOHOL! THESE MUST BE THE CHORUS-GIRLS THAT DISAPPEARED SO MYSTERIOUSLY!
SUDDENLY HE WHEELS AROUND AS A SLIGHT NOISE STARTLES HIM·····
WHO'S THAT?
YOU!!!
YES, MY INQUISITIVE FRAN' —ME! EET EES TOO BAD YOU HAVE DEESCOVERED MY LEETLE SECRET, FOR NOW YOU, TOO, MUST JOIN MY COLLECTION! I HAVE ONLY TWO GLASS CASES LEFT···· ONE FOR MEESS AMHURST, AN' ONE FOR YOU!


NAMOR TAKES A MENACING STEP TOWARD THE GLOATING NATAS ....
WHY YOU CRAZY ---!
ZTOP! OR I ZHOOT!
FRIGHTENED, NATAS PULLS THE TRIGGER!
BAM!
SIMULTANEOUSLY, NAMOR LEAPS, AND NATAS DUCKS NIMBLY BENEATH HIM ....
GOT YOU NOW, YOU DOG!
HA!
HITTING THE FLOOR, NAMOR TURNS TO SEE NATAS RACE OUT OF THE STUDIO, AND THROUGH THE SHOWER-ROOM .....
SKIPPED ME THEN, ALL RIGHT – BUT NOT FOR LONG, MISTER!
....TO THE SWIMMING POOL WHERE HE DIVES IN WITH A LOUD SPLASH — NAMOR CLOSE ON HIS HEELS ....
SO! GOING TO USE THE TUNNEL FOR A GETAWAY, EH?
IN THE TUNNEL, HOLDING HIS BREATH, NATAS STRIKES OUT FURIOUSLY FOR THE LITTLE POND ....
GOOD! I HAVE SHAKEN HIM! HE'LL NEVER THINK TO LOOK FOR AN UNDERWATER PASSAGE!
A MOMENT LATER HE COMES TO THE SURFACE, AND SCRAMBLES UP THE SHALLOW EMBANKMENT ....
I HAVE LOST THE REVOLVER, SO I SHALL HAVE TO LURE HIM TO THE SHARK-POOL --- IF HE FOLLOWS ME!
NAMOR BOBS UP A FEW SECONDS BEHIND HIM, AND SEES NATAS RACING ACROSS THE GARDENS ....
WONDER WHAT THAT DEMON'S UP TO NOW?


STANDING ON THE LEDGE OF THE SHARK-POOL, NATAS HURLS A TAUNTING LAUGH OVER HIS SHOULDER AS NAMOR COMES UP ON THE RUN....
HO! HO! COME AND GET ME, SHERLOCK!
HE MEETS NAMOR WITH A CRASHING LEFT HOOK!
AN' HOW DO YOU LIKE ZEE RECEPTION COMMITTEE, COMRADE?
THE BLOW GLANCES OFF THE SUB-MARINER'S IRON JAW, AND A SECOND LATER THE TWO MEN ARE LOCKED IN DESPERATE COMBAT!
SO! YOU WANT TO MAKE LIKE JOE LOUIS, EH?
NAMOR GRIPS NATAS' THROAT IN HIS VICE-LIKE HANDS AS THEY TEETER ABOVE THE HUNGRY SHARKS....
TRIPPING, THEY CRASH TO THE GROUND AS NAMOR HEARS A PIERCING SCREAM FROM THE MANSION...
H-E-L-P! H-E-L-P!
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! WHAT'S THAT???
HE LEAVES NATAS UNCONSCIOUS, AND STREAKS TOWARD THE CALL...
THAT WAS ARLINE'S VOICE!
...TO FIND ARLINE FAINTING IN THE HANDS OF NATAS' BODYGUARD!
HE LASHES OUT WITH A DEADLY LEFT AS DICK ARBOR WATCHES, HELPLESS, TIED TO A CHAIR....
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF *YOU*, WISE-GUY!


A MOMENT LATER DICK IS FREE AS NAMOR SLASHES HIS BONDS.
COME ON, BROTHER! WE'VE GOT TO NICK YOUR PAL NATAS BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!
NAMOR, ARLINE, AND DICK RACE OUT TO THE GARDEN JUST AS NATAS GETS TO HIS FEET...
LOOK, NAMOR! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
OH, NO HE ISN'T!
COME BACK HERE, YOU LUG! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU!
YEOW!
NATAS WHIPS OUT A KNIFE AS THE TWO MEN ATTACK HIM....
LOOK OUT, DICK!
YEOW!
DICK FALLS UNCONSCIOUS, AND NAMOR LASHES OUT WITH A THUNDEROUS RIGHT, SENDING NATAS SPRAWLING INTO THE SHARK-POOL!
STILL QUIVERING WITH RAGE, NAMOR TURNS HIS BACK ON THE HUNGRY SHARKS......
WELL, THERE'S A FREE MEAL FOR HIS AQUATIC FRIENDS! TOO BAD WE COULDN'T LEARN HIS MOTIVE - BUT PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL.
I FOUND OUT WHO HE IS, NAMOR.... HIS NAME IS ANTON DEVERS - A FRENCH PAINTER WHO LOST HIS MIND SEVERAL YEARS AGO. HE ESCAPED FROM AN INSANE ASYLUM LAST YEAR.... THAT ACCOUNTS FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING, I GUESS.
Watch for another EXCITING ADVENTURE OF THE SUB-MARINER IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS !!!

THE VISION
WHO KNOWS WHAT DANGERS LURK IN THE HEART OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE?.. THE VISION, MASTER OF BATTLE, MEANT TO FIND OUT THE SINISTER SECRET OF THE MINE OF TERROR!
AS OUR STORY OPENS.. DOCTOR SMYTHE, THE WORLD'S LEADING AUTHORITY ON SLEEPING SICKNESS, RECEIVES A CABLE!
JOAN, THE COLUMBIAN GOLD MINING COMPANY WANTS ME TO COME TO SOUTH AMERICA AT ONCE! AN EPIDEMIC OF SLEEPING SICKNESS HAS BROKEN OUT AT ITS MINE!
THE DOCTOR AND HIS DAUGHTER, JOAN, TAKE THE FIRST BOAT TO SOUTH AMERICA!


A GUST OF WIND CARRIES SOME SMOKE FROM THE SHIP'S FUNNEL INTO JOAN'S CABIN!
... AND OUT OF THE SMOKE APPEARS THE VISION!
BEWARE, YOUNG WOMAN! YOUR FATHER'S LIFE IS IN DANGER! GO. BACK!
HAVING WARNED JOAN, THE VISION FADES AWAY!
OHHHH... WHAT A TERRIBLE DREAM! ... MY BUT IT'S COLD!
ON ARRIVAL, THE DOCTOR SEEKS TRANSPORTATION TO THE INTERIOR WHERE THE MINE IS LOCATED!
YOU SAY THAT THERE IS NO MEANS OF GETTING TO THE MINE?
NO SIR! ..NO CAN GO!
YOU, THERE! WON'T YOU GUIDE ME TO THE MINE?
ME SORRY.. NO WANT TO GO... MINE IS BAD PLACE.. MANY GO TO MINE.. NONE COME BACK!
A NEWCOMER SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE GARB OF A PILOT!
DR. SMYTHE?
YES!
MY NAME IS JONES.. I HAVE BEEN SENT TO FLY YOU TO THE MINE!

PLEASE DON'T GO. DADDY. REMEMBER THE DREAM I HAD! I *DON'T* LIKE THIS PLACE!
NONSENSE, CHILD, MY DUTY TO SCIENCE COMES ABOVE SUPERSTITION OR MY PERSONAL SAFETY!
GETTING STARTED.. THE TRIO SOAR OVER THE DENSE JUNGLE WILDERNESS
ARE WE ALMOST THERE?
DON'T WORRY, DOC....YOU'LL GET THERE ALL RIGHT!
WHEN JOAN AND THE DOCTOR ARRIVE THEY'RE GREETED BY THE *"MANAGEMENT."*
WHO ARE YOU?
HA..HA.. YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT DOC!. FOLLOW ME!
THE DOCTOR IS BROUGHT TO A PATIENT'S BEDSIDE!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHERE ARE THE SUFFERING NATIVES?
THERE AIN'T NONE! THIS IS *LEGS CACHONE!* THE CHICAGO POLICE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE HE IS! *HA..HA..* SINCE THERE AIN'T NO *FUTURE* IN THE STATES. WE'RE *MUSCLING* IN *RIGHT HERE!*
PLEASE DON'T STAY HERE DAD! LET'S GO!
BUT FIRST I MUST CURE MR CACHONE.. *THAT* IS MY *DUTY!*
THE DOCTOR SPEAKS TO A NATIVE SERVANT!
LOOK HERE BORO.. WHERE IS THE *REAL* OWNER OF THE MINE?
BAD MEN *KILL* HIM... THEY KILL US TOO IF WE NO WORK HARD! THEY WANT *GOLD!*
LATER...
I HAVE DONE ALL I COULD, MR CACHONE.. YOU ARE *WELL NOW*
3

AFTER CURING *CACHONE*, THE DOCTOR ASKS...
MR. CACHONE, WE WISH TO GO HOME!
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH DOC.... YOU CAN GO ONLY IF YOU LEAVE THIS LITTLE DISH BEHIND AS A *HOSTAGE*!
HOW *DARE* YOU, SIR!
WE'LL HOLD THE GIRL TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TALK!
TAKE THAT, YOU *BEAST*!
SO YOU THINK THAT A DAME CAN SLAP *LEGS CACHONE* AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
THE STRUGGLING JOAN IS TIED UP BY THE ORDER OF AN UNGRATEFUL CACHONE!
TIE HER UP GOOD BOYS!
FOR *SPORT*, THE GIRL IS SUSPENDED OVER CACHONE'S HUGE PET ALLIGATOR!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!... IT.. IT'S *INHUMAN*!... LET HER DOWN... I'LL.. I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY.... *ONLY*....
THE HELPLESS DOCTOR IS FELLED BY A BLOW!
SHUT UP! SAWBONES!!

HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN!
THE FIENDISH CACHONE PLACES A BURNING TWIG AT SMYTHE'S FOOT
But... WHERE THERE'S FIRE THERE'S *SMOKE!*
...AND FROM THE SMOKE OF THE BURNING FAGGOT ARISES THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF THE *VISION!*
WITH THE FURY OF A TORNADO, THE *VISION* STRIKES!
BUT CACHONE SLINKS AWAY... EVIL PLANS FORMENTING IN HIS WARPED MIND!
THE MADDENED CRIMINAL APPROACHES JOAN AND REACHES UP TO LOOSEN HER BONDS... WITH A TERRIBLE FATE WAITING FOR HER BELOW!

A QUICK PLUNGE.. AND THE DEADLY MONSTER KNIFES TOWARD JOAN WITH GAPING JAWS!
HELP! HELP!
GAD! THAT GIRL IS IN THE MOST HORRIBLE DANGER! I'VE GOT TO REACH HER IN TIME!
Reaching THE ALLIGATOR IN SPLIT SECONDS, THE VISION MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE MONSTER BY BREAKING ITS JAWS!
THE MIGHTY EVIL-BATTLER CARRIES JOAN TO SAFETY!
THANK YOU, SIR, WHOEVER YOU ARE!
But meanwhile, USING THE DOCTOR AS A SHIELD, CACHONE FLEES IN TERROR FROM THE AVENGING VISION.
WHILE BACK AT CAMP
MY FATHER! THAT MAN HAS KIDNAPPED MY FATHER!
THE VISION STREAKS AFTER CACHONE!
GET GOING, YOU, OR I'LL BLOW YOU FULL OF LEAD! NO SMOKE-MAN IS GONNA CATCH ME!

CACHONE LOOSENS A HEAVY BOULDER AT THE VISION!
TRY A BETTER ONE NEXT TIME!
MAKE ONE MOVE AND I THROW THE DOC IN THE RIVER!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE BOULDER CRUMBLES UNDER THEIR WEIGHT, AND.........
AAAAIIIIEEEEEEE
HERE IS WHERE I COME IN!
I ONLY SAVED THE ONE WORTH SAVING!
LATER, IN THE CAMP OF THE FRIENDLY NATIVES...
BON VOYAGE, MY FRIENDS. THE VISION WATCHES OVER SUCH AS YOU!
THE VISION APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS! DON'T MISS THIS THRILLING ADVENTURE!!!

The Ship In The Desert

By Mickey Spillane

DAVID COTTER LOAFED about in the little general store of Wheeler, Arizona, feeling very uncomfortable in his newly bought "prospecting" clothes. He had been sent here by a museum society to bring back ancient fish fossils, much against his will, for he felt certain that *this* part of the country had never been under water.

For the past week he had been inquiring of the "natives" as to this fact, and the only answer he received was loud guffaws. Now he was a great joke in the town. Every time he passed a group of idlers someone was sure to make a remark. "Thinks he's going fishin' out here—Haw, haw!"

"The oney thing ya can git in the desert air rattlers, en even then they're scarce." Someone would say, and every one would laugh loudly, David was beginning to get discouraged.

He was in the store the morning he was about to make his first field trip when old Pop, the "desert rat," came in. Pop was always greeted noisily, but with a lot of snickers, for in all his years of desert prospecting he never found anything more than enough to keep him in food. And, this time again, his whiskery old face told everyone he still was out of luck. Even David had to smile at the ragged appearance of the old man, with his baggy pants and faded shirt, topped by a hat that was a relic. One of the local crowd grinned at Pop. "Well, old timer, whatcha find this time?"

"Cain't says how 'twer much. Did git *this* though!" He dug in his bag and came up with a foot-high bell, green with age. Everyone roared at the sight of it.

"Now don't tell us ya found a bell in the sand! Haw, haw—that's rich! Go fer *gold* an' come back with a *bell!*"

"Maybe there's a church t' go with it!" Someone else added.

"Aw, quit yer laughing, fellers, mebbyso I *can* sell it. That is, if there's a *sucker* t' buy it!" Just then David came over, picked up the bell, and scraped the corrosion—His heart gave a mighty jump, for it was an old Spanish ship's bell, here, in the *desert!* He looked at the old man queerly.

* * *

"*I'll* buy it!" David said calmly. The boys, and even the old man, laughed at him, but he settled the deal. When everyone had left, David took Pop to one side. "Look," he said, "give it to me *straight!* Did you *really* find this thing in the desert?"

"Sure 'nuf! I can even show you the *spot!* 'Bout ten miles out."

THERE WAS A HOT WIND BLOWING across the sand when they reached the spot where Pop found the bell. They dismounted from their horses and David studied the ground carefully. He was beginning to get a wild idea about this whole affair, something that might result in a discovery more important than *fish fossils!*

His careful scrutiny revealed no rise in the sand that might indicate a buried ship, so he decided to dig. By now, Pop too, was excited, and together they set in with the shovels. It wasn't until the sun was setting that they found anything. David's shovel suddenly hit into some wooden planks, and he called wildly for Pop!

Side by side, they dug madly, until they had exposed a section of a rotted deck, and right in the middle of it was the stump of a mast!

From what David could figure out, they had come upon the hulk of an old Spanish galleon, which meant that this desert *had* at one time been under water. What a *discovery!* The sun had gone down too far for them to dig any longer, so they made camp on top of their "ship." At Pop's suggestion, David decided that blasting the sand away was the only possible way of getting at the ship's interior. So, in the morning, they figured out the way the ship lay and Pop prepared the charges around it. This was the *big moment!*

Pop's hand was on the plunger,

What great mystery of the desert unfolded when the old prospector discovered a ship's bell, hundreds of miles from the sea?

and at a signal from Dave, he thrust it down! There was a deafening roar—flying sand and clumps of desert grass rained down everywhere. Slowly, the sandy fog cleared, and there, as though moored in a great pit, was the remains of a once grand Spanish Galleon!

DAVID AND POP SHOUTED WITH JOY, and they slid down the embankment to the ancient deck. They roamed about until they found a hatch cover, pried it off, and gazed into the mystery that the centuries had hidden. Somehow, the sand did not penetrate inside, so Dave and Pop took their lamps and descended. The ribs of the ship were skeleton-like. Corrosion was everywhere, and ropes hung in tatters from the crossbeams.

Being careful to avoid rotted planking, they explored room after room of the ship's hold, and there, in the stern, came upon a hidious group of bones and skulls, some of which even had the remains of a fine costume around them. David shuddered at this, but Pop took it without even a grimace!

Back on deck, they climbed up the crumbling steps to the high poop deck and forced open the door to what evidently was once the captain's cabin. Dave's mouth dropped open. Facing them, from a chair behind a table, one hand resting on a book brown with age, was a skeleton of huge proportions, dressed in the silks of that age with a feathered hat on the bony skull that proclaimed him the *captain!*

Dave jumped forward with a cry, for here was the object of his search, the log book of the ship. Ah, what stories it would tell! Strange ports, raids on ancient cities, *treasure!*

But Pop was not concerned with the log book. He went rummaging through the cabin, opening lockers and drawers, finally coming across an iron-bound gold-decorated trunk in a corner of the room. Quickly, he knocked off the rusted lock and threw up the lid. There, gleaming dully, was a huge mound of Spanish dubloons, topped by handfuls of shining jewels! A fortune at last!

Their excitement knew no bounds. They jumped and shouted like kids. All morning, afternoon, and evening they spent searching the ship, and carting the treasure to the horses' packs.

DAVE AND POP WERE EATING a late supper that night when Pop felt the drumming of horse's hoofs far off. He looked across the fire at Dave. "Ya know, it wouldn't s'prise me none," he said, "if the boys fum town came out here ta give us a ribbing. Seems to me we orta fool 'em!" Dave caught on at once.

In town the men used to joke about the wild Indians in the desert, trying to scare Pop, Dave remembered; now they'd probably come out here, decked up in feathers, to do the job *right!* Both he and Pop got up and jumped to the deck of the ship. They took the clothes off the captain's skeleton and Pop got into them. He really was a terrifying sight with the cutlass in his hand and his bushy whiskers hanging over his chest!

Dave hid in the shadows of the cabin, and sure enough, in a few minutes, the blood-curdling yells of the "Indians" reached him.

The practical jokers didn't know what to expect, and what they did see put ice in their veins! There, in the light of the moon, on the deck of an ancient ghost ship, half buried in the sand, strode a figure in flowing robes, with a feathered hat rakishly askew its head. Making not a sound, and waving its cutlass in the air, it was a frightening spectacle.

With scared yelps, the "Indians" wheeled their horses about and dashed away in the direction from which they came.

When Dave and Pop finally stopped laughing, and fell asleep, dawn was breaking in the sky.

It was early evening when the two cronies arrived in town, heavily burdened with mysterious bags. They pulled up in front of the general store and dragged their truck inside. "How's the fishin'?" Someone laughed.

"Fine!" Dave smiled. "We almost caught a bunch of Indian *sucker fish!*" Those concerned with the Indian episode turned bright red.

Some of the boys were looking at the bundles. "Git any gold, Pop?" Pop grinned behind his whiskers. He'd *shut* these ribbers up *once and for all* this time. "Did I?" he howled, "I sure did! Got it all minted and ready to spend. LOOK!"

He poured out a handful of coins, and just *ate up* the sight of their eyes popping out!

THE END

Terry Vance The School Boy Sleuth in The Mystery of the "STINGING DEATH!"

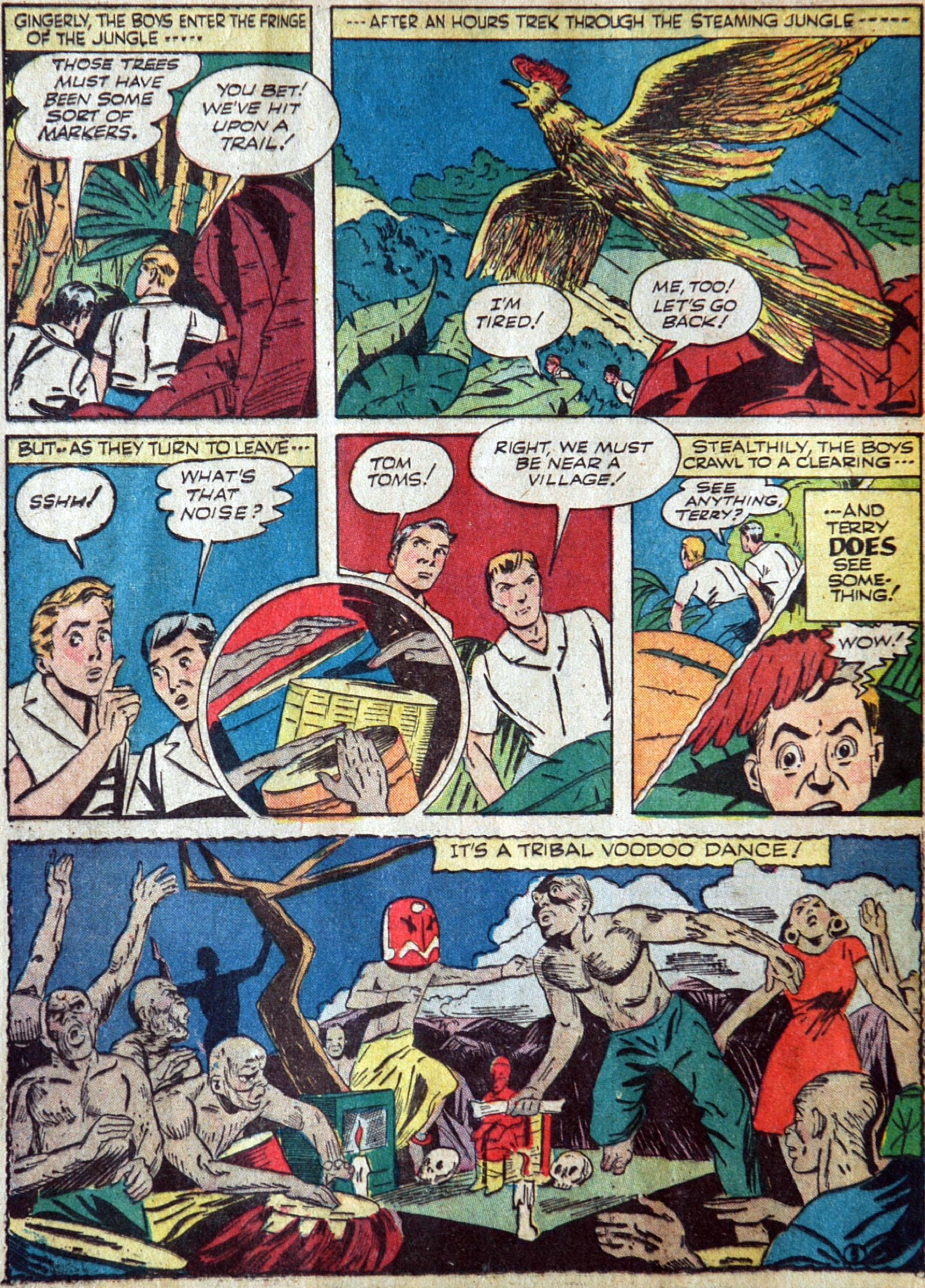
LOOK OUT, TERRY! RUN! RUN!
HERE WE ARE, DEADLINE! NOW FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!
NOT A CHANCE! THERE'S NO ONE ON THIS ISLAND EXCEPT ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS!
I WONDER IF MINNIE STILL WORKS FOR THAT ORGAN GRINDER?

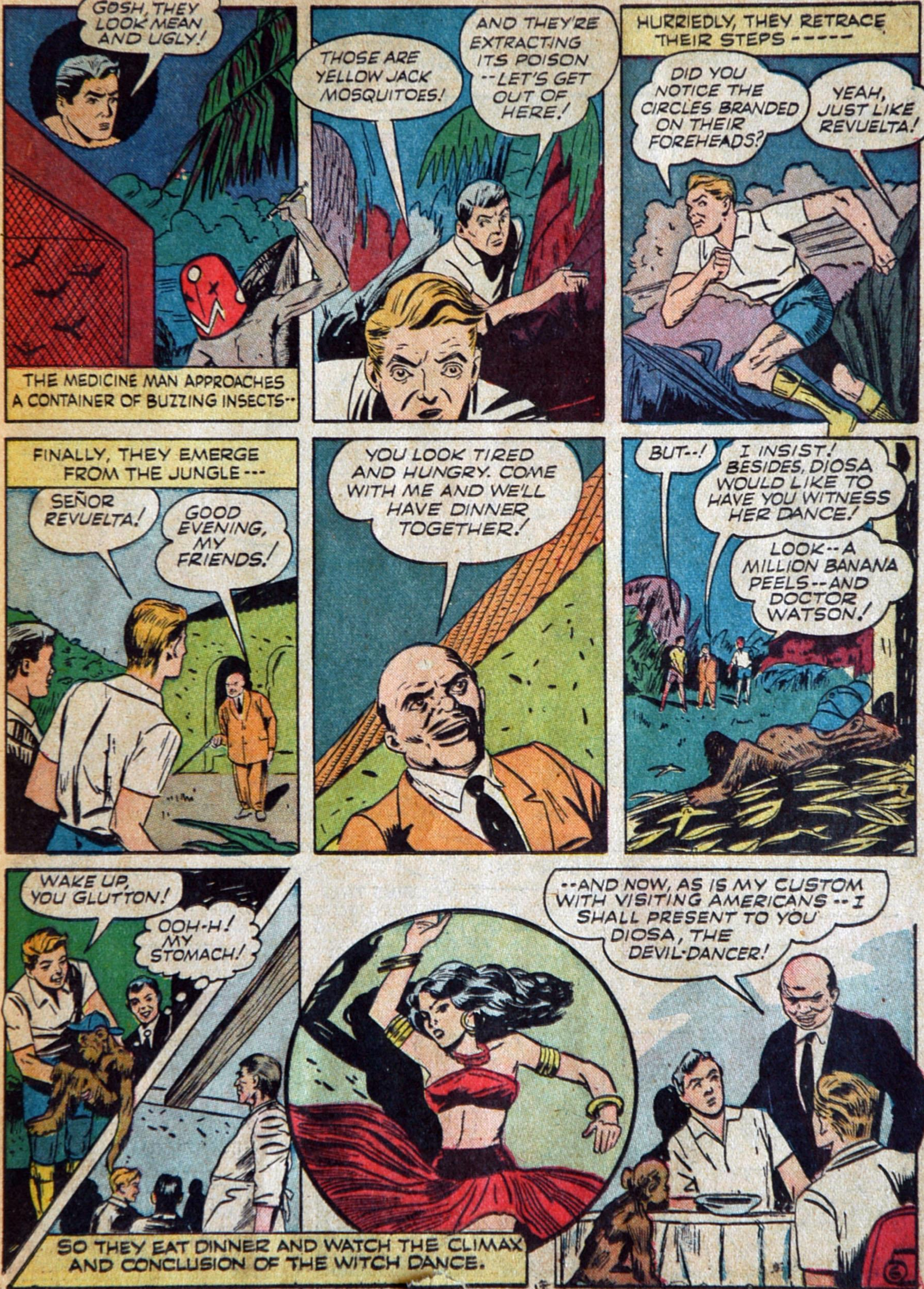
ON THEIR WAY TO REPORT THE DEFENSE CONSTRUCTION ON CERTAIN CARIBBEAN ISLANDS, TERRY AND DEADLINE ZOOM RIGHT DOWN INTO YELLOW FEVER AND VOODOO -- A BAD COMBINATION!

GEE, THIS FIELD IS BUMPY!
UNCLE SAM WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!
BUT, AS THEY LAND, A FIGURE DASHES TOWARD THE PLANE!
ALL AMERICANS ARE DOOMED HERE ALREADY. YOUR ENGINEERS DIE LIKE FLIES! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE PLAGUE OF YELLOW FEVER!
WHAT DOES HE WANT, TERRY?
GO ON!
GO BACK! GO BACK!
THE NATIVE CONTINUES---
THE HILL TRIBES FEAR THAT THEIR LAND WILL BE TAKEN FROM THEM, SO THEY SEND WINGED DEATH TO THEIR ENEMIES!
NONSENSE --HOW CAN A PRIMITIVE TRIBE CONTROL A PLAGUE?
BY VOODOO!
SO LONG, TERRY.. GUESS I'LL JOIN DOCTOR WATSON!
GOODBYE!
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE!
WE'LL LEAVE SOON, BUT WHILE WE'RE HERE, WE MAY AS WELL SEE THE SIGHTS.
MMM... O.K.!...
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, PAL!
I'M SCARED!
GEE, IT'S QUIET HERE!
LIKE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM..
---AND THE STORM BREAKS! THE BOYS WITNESS AN ATTACK ON A YOUNG GIRL BY NATIVE OLD WOMEN! ---
SHE-DEVIL!
KILL THE SORCERESS!
OOH! EXCITEMENT
HEY!
WHAT'S THIS?
HELP!

TERRY VANCE TO THE RESCUE!
COME ON, DEADLINE!
WATCH ME STRUT MY STUFF!
NIMBLY--DOCTOR WATSON LEAPS TO A ROOF TOP AND BEATS HIS CHEST...
EIYA-E YA! BEWARE!
THUMP! & THUMP!
GGGRRRRRRRRRrrrrrrr
...THEN POUNCES ON THE MOB...
NOW, SCATTER, SCRAM OUT OF HERE, YOU HAG OF HAGS!
A GORILLA! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
MERCY!
AI-IIII...
TERRY RACES TO THE SIDE OF THE FALLEN GIRL!
THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE NOT HURT!
OH, MY HEAD!
WHILE DEADLINE COMMANDEERS A CAB-----
HEY, TERRY! BRING HER OVER HERE!
WHERE TO, MISTER?
IN THE CAB, THE STRANGE GIRL INTRODUCES HERSELF AS DIOSA--A DANCER AT THE ESTADOS HOTEL-- AND LEANS OVER TO THE DRIVER----
HURRY, PLEASE, OR I'LL BE LATE FOR MY PERFORMANCE!
---ON THEIR WAY TO THE ESTADOS HOTEL-----
SAY--YOU YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A "SHE-DEVIL"!
PLEASE DON'T JOKE--WHENEVER I PERFORM A WITCH DANCE, I'M AFTERWARD PRESENTED TO SOME ONE...
WHAT HAPPENS?
3

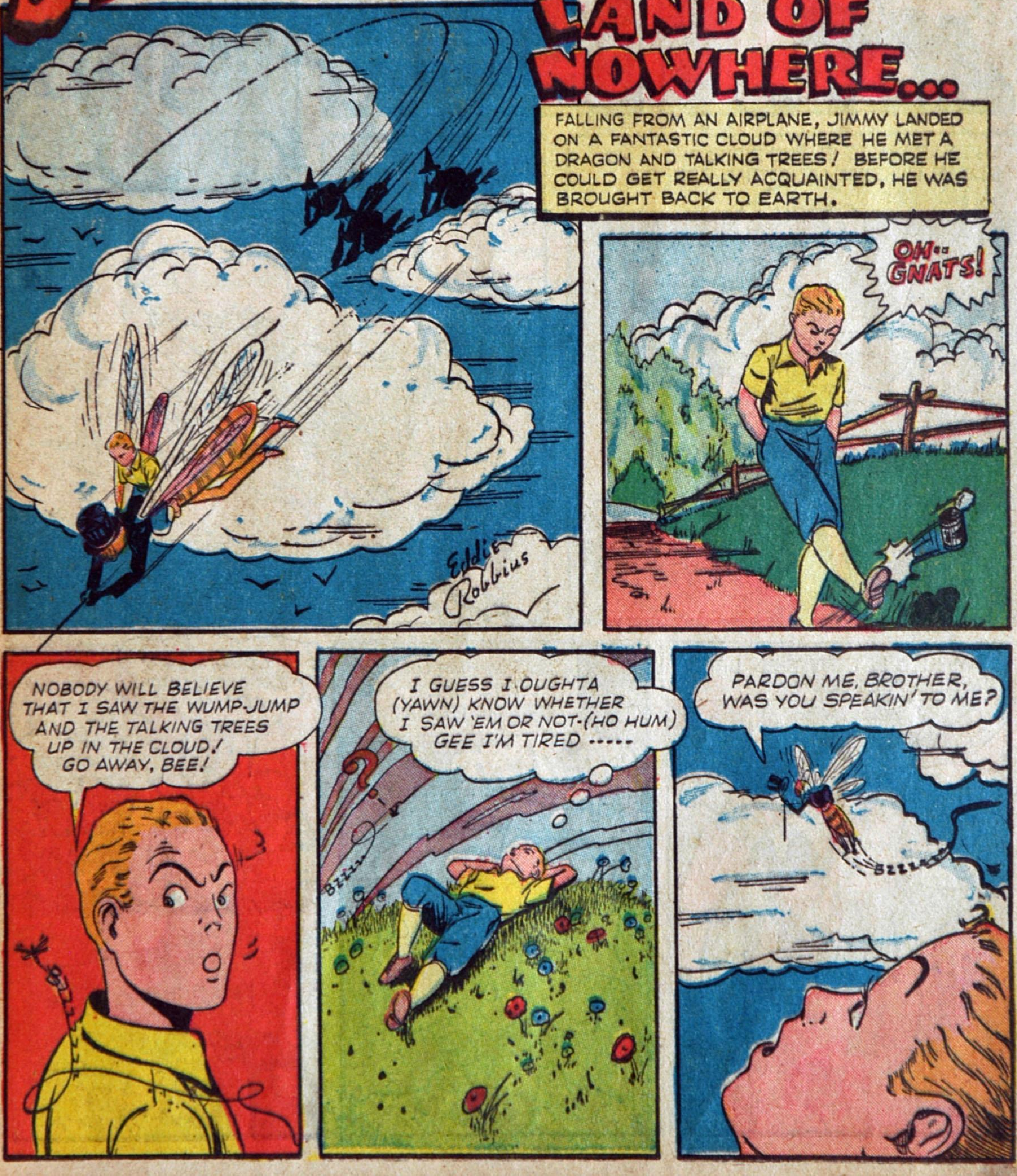
---WITHIN THREE DAYS HE IS **DEAD OF YELLOW FEVER!**
THEY NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN ---
BUT, DIOSA, YOU DON'T PRACTISE WITCHCRAFT?
NO, BUT SOME ONE ELSE DOES!
HOTEL ESTADO!
HOT
AS THE CAB APPROACHES--A SHORT ROTUND FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS ---IT IS THE HOTEL PROPRIETOR-----
SEÑOR REVUELTA, I BRING YOU GUESTS.
FINE! BUT HURRY! YOU ARE LATE FOR THE SHOW!
THIS IS TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DOCTOR WATSON, WITHOUT WHOM I MIGHT NEVER HAVE RETURNED.
FOREIGNERS, EH?
YOU MUST EXCUSE US NOW, BUT I HOPE TO BE HONORED BY HAVING YOU AS MY GUESTS FOR DINNER--IT IS A COURTESY RESERVED FOR AMERICANS. HASTA LUEGO!
CUTE LAD! I WONDER HOW HE GOT THAT BRAND ON HIS FOREHEAD... HEY! --WHERE'S DOCTOR WATSON?
I DON'T KNOW. JUST SAW HIM A MOMENT AGO.
WHILE--HIGH IN THE TREE TOPS--
PARDON ME, BUT I'M A STRANGER. DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK AROUND THIS PLACE?
THERE HE IS!
HEY, COME DOWN!
WHAT ARE YOU SHOUTING ABOUT? IT WAS **YOUR** IDEA TO GO SIGHT-SEEING!
HE'S GOING INTO THE JUNGLE!
DISAPPEARED!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER HIM!
LOOK --- A TREE PAINTED WITH SILVER!
AND ANOTHER ONE OVER THERE!


GINGERLY, THE BOYS ENTER THE FRINGE OF THE JUNGLE ....
THOSE TREES MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF MARKERS.
YOU BET! WE'VE HIT UPON A TRAIL!
--- AFTER AN HOURS TREK THROUGH THE STEAMING JUNGLE -----
I'M TIRED!
ME, TOO! LET'S GO BACK!
BUT -- AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE ---
SSHH!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
TOM TOMS!
RIGHT, WE MUST BE NEAR A VILLAGE!
STEALTHILY, THE BOYS CRAWL TO A CLEARING ---
SEE ANYTHING, TERRY?
---AND TERRY DOES SEE SOME-THING!
WOW!
IT'S A TRIBAL VOODOO DANCE!


GOSH, THEY LOOK MEAN AND UGLY!
THE MEDICINE MAN APPROACHES A CONTAINER OF BUZZING INSECTS--
THOSE ARE YELLOW JACK MOSQUITOES!
AND THEY'RE EXTRACTING ITS POISON --LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HURRIEDLY, THEY RETRACE THEIR STEPS -----
DID YOU NOTICE THE CIRCLES BRANDED ON THEIR FOREHEADS?
YEAH, JUST LIKE REVUELTA!
FINALLY, THEY EMERGE FROM THE JUNGLE ---
SEÑOR REVUELTA!
GOOD EVENING, MY FRIENDS!
YOU LOOK TIRED AND HUNGRY. COME WITH ME AND WE'LL HAVE DINNER TOGETHER!
BUT--!
I INSIST! BESIDES, DIOSA WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU WITNESS HER DANCE!
LOOK--A MILLION BANANA PEELS--AND DOCTOR WATSON!
WAKE UP, YOU GLUTTON!
OOH-H! MY STOMACH!
--AND NOW, AS IS MY CUSTOM WITH VISITING AMERICANS -- I SHALL PRESENT TO YOU DIOSA, THE DEVIL-DANCER!
SO THEY EAT DINNER AND WATCH THE CLIMAX AND CONCLUSION OF THE WITCH DANCE.

OMIGOSH! --YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER FELLOWS SHE WAS INTRODUCED TO?
SHH!
RELUCTANTLY, DIOSA ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE INTRODUCED TO DEADLINE, WHO IS SPELLBOUND BY HER BEAUTY! --- BUT TERRY IS INTENTLY WATCHING THE GLEAMING TIP OF REVUELTA'S CANE...
...WHICH IS POISED TO STRIKE AT DEADLINE'S ANKLE---
TERRY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NO YELLOW FEVER TODAY, SEÑOR!
YOU INTERFERING DOG!
AS REVUELTA TURNS TO RUN...
AND NOW, DEAR FRIEND, YOU ARE **MY** GUEST!
WHEE! THIS IS FUN!
CLUNK!
OW!
THE SCUFFLE ATTRACTS A POLICEMAN!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
HOLD THIS MAN FOR MURDER!
TERRY EXPLAINS!
BY USING THIS NEEDLE, REVUELTA INJECTED THE YELLOW FEVER INTO HIS VICTIMS. HE DID IT AFTER DIOSA'S DANCE, SO THAT THE NATIVES WOULD SUSPECT **HER** OF WITCHCRAFT!
7
IF IT WASN'T FOR DOCTOR WATSON, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE SOLVED THE CASE!
RIGHT YOU ARE, DEADLINE -- WE OUGHT TO REWARD HIM WITH A BANANA!
SHHHHHHHHHHH!
--DON'T TELL A SOUL BUT
TERRY VANCE
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT
MARVEL COMICS

JIMMY JUPITER in the LAND OF NOWHERE...


FALLING FROM AN AIRPLANE, JIMMY LANDED ON A FANTASTIC CLOUD WHERE HE MET A DRAGON AND TALKING TREES! BEFORE HE COULD GET REALLY ACQUAINTED, HE WAS BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH.
Eddie Robbins
OH.. GNATS!
NOBODY WILL BELIEVE THAT I SAW THE WUMP-JUMP AND THE TALKING TREES UP IN THE CLOUD! GO AWAY, BEE!
BZZZ
I GUESS I OUGHTA (YAWN) KNOW WHETHER I SAW 'EM OR NOT-(HO HUM) GEE I'M TIRED -----
BZZZ
PARDON ME, BROTHER, WAS YOU SPEAKIN' TO ME?
BZZZZ

SAY--YOU SURE **SURPRISED** ME! --I GUESS I WAS TALKIN' TO MYSELF!
IZZAT SO? M-MMM! WHAT SEEMS TO BEE THE TROUBLE, BROTHER?
SO JIMMY EXPLAINS TO THE BEE, ENDING WITH -----
HMMMM
AND NOW I'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO THE **ENCHANTED CLOUD!**
WELL--MAYBE THAT CAN BEE ARRANGED, BROTHER!
WATCH THIS!
THE BEE TAKES THREE BIG PUFFS--AND BLOWS HIMSELF UP TO THE SIZE OF A HORSE.
OKAY, BROTHER, HOP ON!
TSK! TSK!
AND **AWAY THEY GO!**
?
A MINUTE LATER, THEY LAND INSIDE A CLOUD!
WELL, HERE WE ARE, BROTHER!
GEE WHIZ, THIS IS THE PLACE ALL RIGHT.
BARBER POLE FOREST
BUT WHEN JIMMY TURNS BACK, THE BEE IS GONE!
HEY! MR. BEE!
MY GOODNESS! I'M ALL ALONE AGAIN!
OH, YEAH? THEN WHAT AM **I** DOIN' HERE, WISE GUY?

THAT'S FUNNY--I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE **SPEAK**!
SOITINLY--YOU HEARD SOMEONE SPEAK! SOITINLY YOU DID!
R
THAT'S WHAT I **THOUGHT**!
HUH?
SAY, WAS THAT **YOU** RABBIT?
INSTEAD OF ANSWERING, THE RABBIT STRIDES BELLIGERENTLY TOWARD JIMMY.
R
MR. RABBIT TO YOU, BUD!
ULP! YES, SIR!
R
WHERE YOU HEADING FOR, SON?
I'M LOOKING FOR THE WUMP-JUMP.
THAT SISSY? WELL, OKAY--I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!
R
BUT, **SUDDENLY**...
SCREEEE-EEE-EE-EEECH--
OH!
YIPE!

SCREE-EEE-EECH..
THE WITCHES OF ENCORE!
THEN--BEFORE JIMMY OR THE RABBIT KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED---- THE WITCHES SWOOP DOWN ---AND----
LEGGO ME! THIS AIN'T HALLOWEEN!
FINALLY, THEY COME TO A CASTLE ON A CLOUD AND FLY IN THROUGH A WINDOW!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?
WE WILL WAIT TILL YOU GET FATTER! THEN WE'LL SERVE YOU ON A PLATTER!
AND AS FOR YOU-- -RABBIT STEW!
4

OH, YEAH? PUT UP YER DUKES -- C'MON, I'LL TAKE ON THE WHOLE GANG OF YA!
RABBIT STEW, EH?
BUT THE WITCHES CAST A SPELL ON THE RABBIT, WHICH HOLDS HIM MOTIONLESS!
BOOM-CHICA-BOOM-CHIC-- RIDING ON A BROOM STICK!
THEN JIMMY AND THE RABBIT ARE PLACED INSIDE A MAGIC CIRCLE AND THE WITCHES LEAVE.
GEE WHIZ! MR. RABBIT, WE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS CIRCLE UNLESS WE'VE GOT A LUCKY CHARM!
THE BIG SISSIES WERE AFRAID TO FIGHT!
A LUCKY CHARM -- I'VE GOT IT!
C'MERE MR. RABBIT!
BUT JIMMY HANGS ON, AND RUBS THE RABBIT'S LEFT HIND FOOT THREE TIMES.
HEY! LEMME DOWN!
OHO-HO-HO! AHA-HA-HA-HA! THAT TICKLES! HA-HA-HA!
THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH ---
---AND THE MAGIC CIRCLE IS GONE!
IT WORKED, MR. RABBIT! NOW TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE!
DON'T WORRY, KID! I GOT US OUT OF THE CIRCLE AND I'LL GET YA OUT OF HERE!
5

COMING TO A ROOM WHICH IS FULL OF DOORS, JIMMY, NOT KNOWING WHICH TO CHOOSE -- SPINS HIMSELF AROUND THREE TIMES -----
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT
NOW-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
R
THEN, WITH HIS EYES CLOSED, OPENS THE DOOR HIS DIZZY FOOTSTEPS LEAD HIM TO -----
EXIT
EXIT
R
AND THERE SIT THE THREE WITCHES!
OH!
AS THE WITCHES RUSH AT HIM, JIMMY GRABS A HAT PIN FROM ONE OF THE WITCHES' SUNDAY HATS ---
---AND STABS ONE OF THE WITCHES!
TAKE THAT!
YEEOWWW
PFFFFF
POP
---THE WITCH DEFLATES AND THE OTHER WITCHES RUN AWAY ---
QUICK, MR. RABBIT! JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOW!
THE RABBIT LANDS SAFELY ···
R
··· BUT JIMMY GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD!
OHHHHHHHHHOOWWWCH!
6
AND A MINUTE LATER -- HE WAKES UP --- BACK ON EARTH!
OUCH! THAT BEE STUNG ME!
WELL, BACK TO EARTH AGAIN, JIMMY! -- BUT ONLY UNTIL THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!

THE ANGEL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF 1940 COPYRIGHT 1941.
IN
"THE WOLF-MAN TERROR"
OVER THE MOON-BATHED SAND ROSE THE BLOOD-CURDLING HOWL OF A WOLF -- BUT WHAT A WOLF! IT STOOD SIX FEET HIGH AND WALKED LIKE A MAN --AND EVEN IF YOU WERE AS BRAVE AS THE ANGEL, NO ONE WOULD HAVE BLAMED YOU IF YOUR KNEES KNOCKED TOGETHER AND YOUR HAIR STOOD ON END WHEN YOU FIRST SAW THE "HORROR OF THE CLIFFS"!
AND NOW, DEAR READER, BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE FIRST HORROR, AS WE RAISE THE CURTAIN ON A SCENE IN THE WEST-- AN INDIAN IS RACING MADLY ACROSS THE DESERT, FLEEING IN TERROR...
...WITH RAVENOUS JAWS, IT COMES!
WHAT IS IT? WOLF? MAN? OR BOTH?

WITH A TERRIFYING HOWL, IT STRIKES!
YOW-W-W-W--
E-E-E-YI-!!!
AND NOW, TO SPARE YOU FURTHER DETAILS, WE SHIFT THE SCENE TO THE HOME OF THE ANGEL A DAY LATER. ...
HMM... INDIAN SLAIN BY HUGE WOLF -- HIS DYING WORDS WERE: "THE WOLF-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-MAN." HMM... INTERESTING...
THE PAPER SAYS HE PROBABLY WAS IN A DELIRIUM -- BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THERE'S SOMETHING MORE TO IT THAN THAT! --WE'LL SEE!
DETERMINED TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERIOUS KILLING, THE ANGEL BOARDS A WESTBOUND PLANE.
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING INTO REAL DANGER! INSTINCT, I SUPPOSE!
LATER
I'VE BEEN ROAMING THE DESERT ALL DAY- -- SAY! -- WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
YAH! YAH! YAH!
CREEPING TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE, HE BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT!
INDIANS CHANTING! FROM THE LOOK OF THAT TOTEM POLE, THEYRE WOLF-WORSHIPERS!

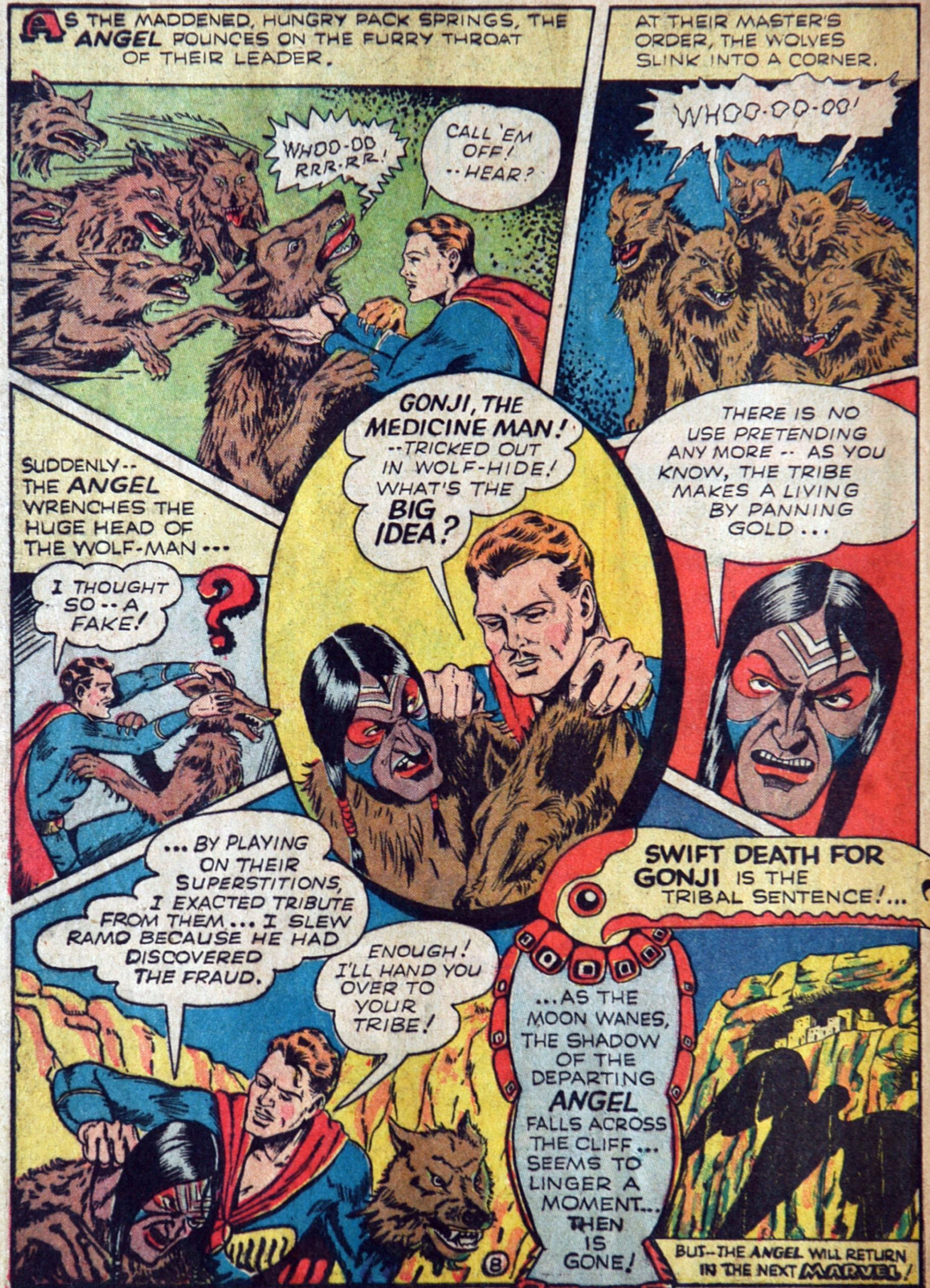
AMID WEIRD CHANTING, THE INDIANS FILE SLOWLY UP TO AN ALTAR ...
WOLF-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-MAN --- ACCEPT OUR OFFERINGS!
THEY'RE SACRIFICING GOLD! - PROBABLY DO PLACER MINING IN THE RIVER
YAH!
YAH!
EO-OO
THE TRIBAL MEDICINE MAN EXHORTS THE GOD ...
GIVE US A SIGN THAT YOU ARE SATISFIED WITH OUR OFFERINGS!
WHOOO-O-O-
IT IS THE SIGN THAT WE WISH! GIVE THANKS, FOR OUR PRAYER IS HEARD! NOW LET US RETURN TO OUR DWELLINGS!
YAH-AH-AH!
THE SILENCE OF DEATH FALLS UPON THE CLIFF AS THE WOLF-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-MAN APPEARS ...
IT POUNCES ON THE GOLD AND RAISES ITS UGLY HEAD TO THE MOON ...
EE-OO-OO!
WHO-OO
IT'S CLIMBED THE CLIFF! IF I CAN ONLY STAY ON ITS TRAIL!
3

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A CAVE...
SUDDENLY THE CAVE ERUPTS A HUNGRY PACK OF TIMBER WOLVES.
THE ANGEL WHIPS HIS RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER.
YEOWL-WI-L-
CRACK!
MEANWHILE...
CRACK!
YEEOWLLL-LL
A SHOT! --AND THE CRY OF A WOUNDED WOLF! --SOME-ONE HAS ATTACKED THE HENCHMEN OF THE GOD!
THE MEDICINE MAN LEADS THE INDIANS TOWARD THE WOLF DEN.
WHAT THE--?
A WHITE MAN -- IN STRANGE COSTUME! --KILL HIM, FOR HE HAS SLAIN A SACRED WOLF!
KILL! KILL!
THE INFURIATED INDIANS SURROUND THE ANGEL WHO BATTLES DESPERATELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS!
KEEP COMING! THE MORE, THE MERRIER!
SMASH!
YEOW!
NOT SO MERRY ---- THE ANGEL IS OVERPOWERED!
NOW WE SHALL OFFER A HUMAN SACRIFICE TO APPEASE THE GOD!
YAH!
YAH!
YI!
4

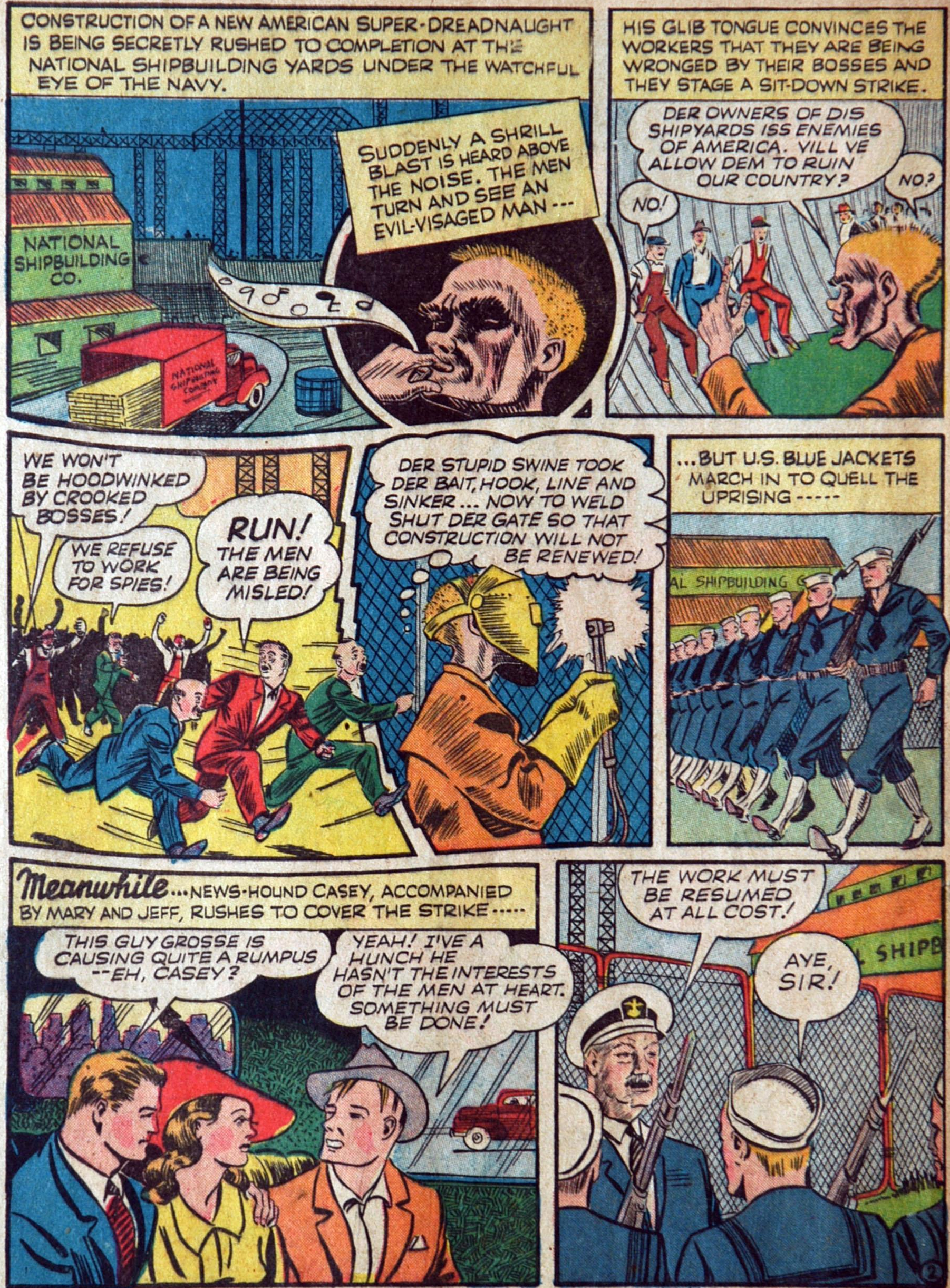
The ANGEL IS TIED TO THE TOTEM POLE.
OH, WOLF-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-MAN -- ACCEPT THIS HUMAN SACRIFICE!
--NEVER THOUGHT I'D WIND UP AS A WOLF'S DINNER!
YAH! YAH!
GOING UP THE CLIFF FOR A BALCONY SEAT, EH?
WITH THE ANGEL TIED TO THE POLE, THE INDIAN CHIEF CALLS UPON THE WOLF TO ACCEPT HIM AS A SACRIFICE.
THE STAR DOES NOT APPEAR TO LIKE HIS ROLE.
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW ---SAY!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA! -- --IF I CAN ONLY SQUIRM AROUND TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE POLE!
COME, WOLF-THAT-WALKS-LIKE-A-MAN --- COME!
DESPERATELY THE ANGEL TWISTS AND WRITHES
HE IS BRAVE --IT SHOULD BE A GOOD SHOW
THIS IS WHAT I CALL AN ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT --HOPE IT WORKS!
HE SHIFTS HIS HANDS SO THAT THE BONDS LIE BETWEEN THE JAWS OF A CARVED HEAD.
NOW--TO CUT THE BONDS ON THOSE WOODEN TEETH -- HEY! -- I HEAR HOWLING!
WHO-OO-OO-
WHO-OO-OO-O-O
WHO-OO-OO-O
5

WITH FANGS GLEAMING, THE MONSTER OF THE CLIFFS APPROACHES!
OH, OH, THE BIG, BAD WOLF!
RRR-RR-R!
HOWLING TRIUMPHANTLY, THE MONSTER LEAPS!
GRR-RR-R!
THOSE BONDS BROKE JUST IN TIME!
WHAT BIG EYES YOU HAVE!-- BIG EYES! -- BUT A SMALL BRAIN!
YI-YIPE!
WHEN WOOD MEETS WOOD!
SPLAT!
RECOVERING, THE WOLF-MAN SPRINGS AT THE ANGEL'S FIST!
WANT TO BITE, EH?
AS THE MONSTER'S JAWS GAPE, THE ANGEL DRIVES HIS FIST DEEP INTO THE WOLF-MAN'S MOUTH!
THE THING IS TO GET YOUR HAND BEHIND THE CANINE TEETH!
HIS UNDERJAW HELD IN AN IRON GRIP, THE WOLF-MAN IS HELPLESS...
SAY UNCLE!
RRR-RR-RR...

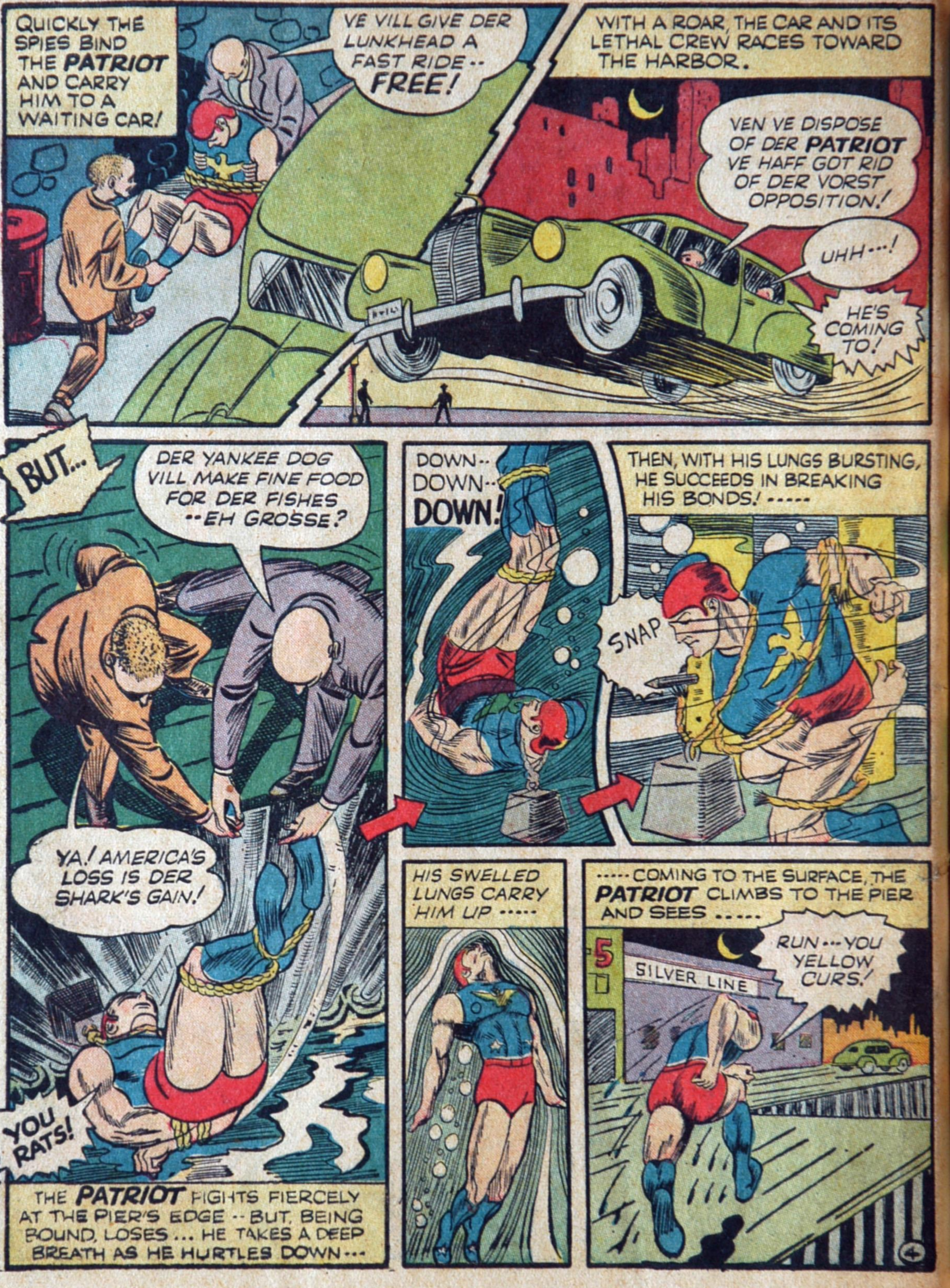
THE MONSTER BATTLES TO BREAK THE ANGEL'S GRIP!
HE'S TWISTING MY WRIST...! WOW!
GR-RR
THE ANGEL IS FORCED TO LET GO!
JUST A SECOND! WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET!
YI-YI!
THE CHASE LEADS UP THE CLIFF...
RR-RRR-RR!
HE'S GOING INTO ONE OF THE HOUSES! MAYBE I CAN TRAP HIM THERE!
HE GOT AWAY! -- PROBABLY THROUGH THAT HOLE IN THE WALL...
WHOA, PAL!
YI-YI!
THE WOLF-MAN'S LAIR...
WHOO-OOO
BET HE'S TELLING 'EM TO ATTACK ME!
WHOO-OO-O!

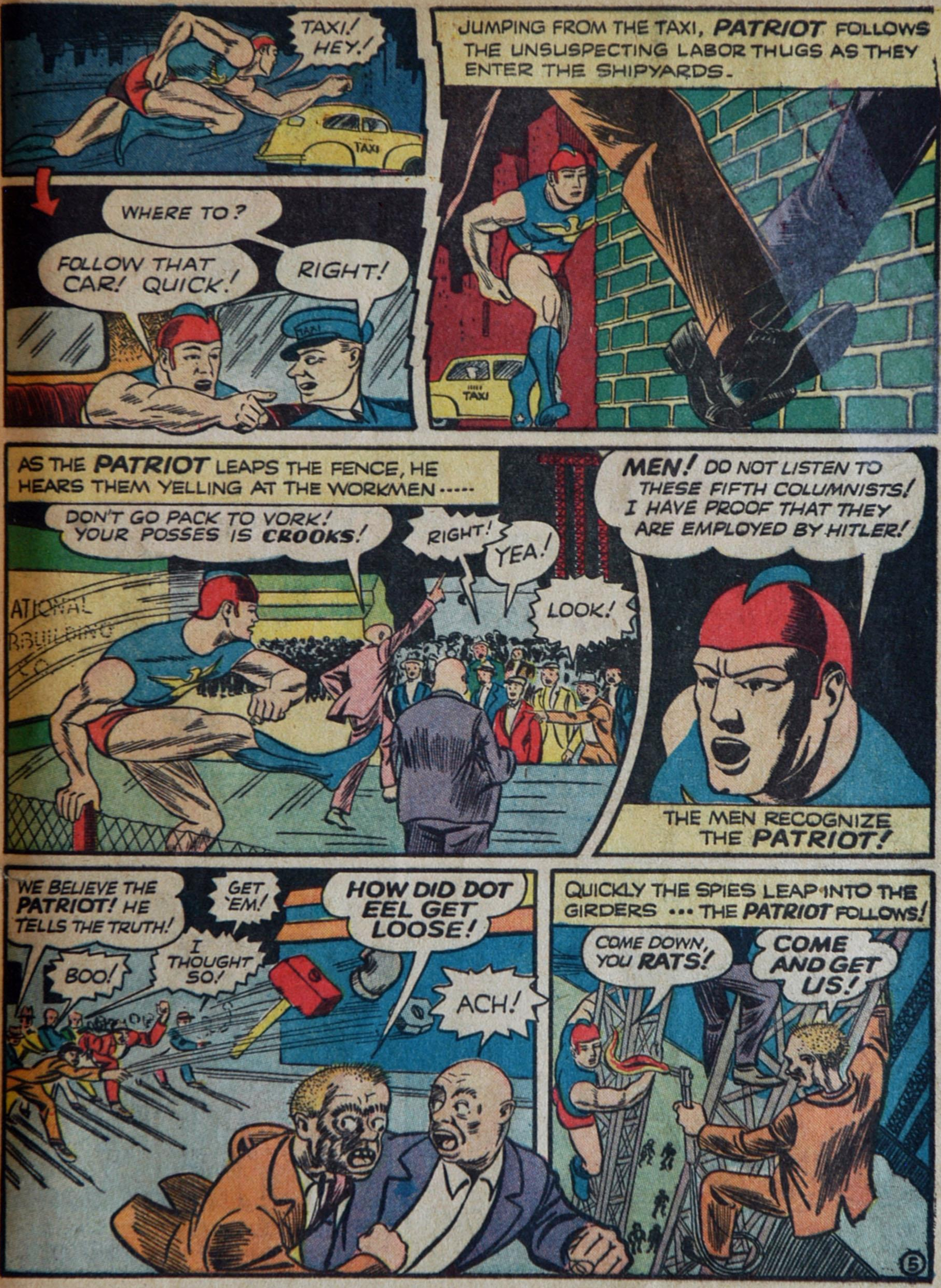

AS THE MADDENED, HUNGRY PACK SPRINGS, THE ANGEL POUNCES ON THE FURRY THROAT OF THEIR LEADER.
WHOO-OO RRR-RR!
CALL 'EM OFF! --HEAR?
AT THEIR MASTER'S ORDER, THE WOLVES SLINK INTO A CORNER.
WHOO-OO-OO!
SUDDENLY-- THE ANGEL WRENCHES THE HUGE HEAD OF THE WOLF-MAN ---
I THOUGHT SO -- A FAKE!
?
GONJI, THE MEDICINE MAN! --TRICKED OUT IN WOLF-HIDE! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
THERE IS NO USE PRETENDING ANY MORE -- AS YOU KNOW, THE TRIBE MAKES A LIVING BY PANNING GOLD...
... BY PLAYING ON THEIR SUPERSTITIONS, I EXACTED TRIBUTE FROM THEM ... I SLEW RAMO BECAUSE HE HAD DISCOVERED THE FRAUD.
ENOUGH! I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO YOUR TRIBE!
SWIFT DEATH FOR GONJI IS THE TRIBAL SENTENCE!...
...AS THE MOON WANES, THE SHADOW OF THE DEPARTING ANGEL FALLS ACROSS THE CLIFF... SEEMS TO LINGER A MOMENT... THEN IS GONE!
BUT--THE ANGEL WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT MARVEL!
8

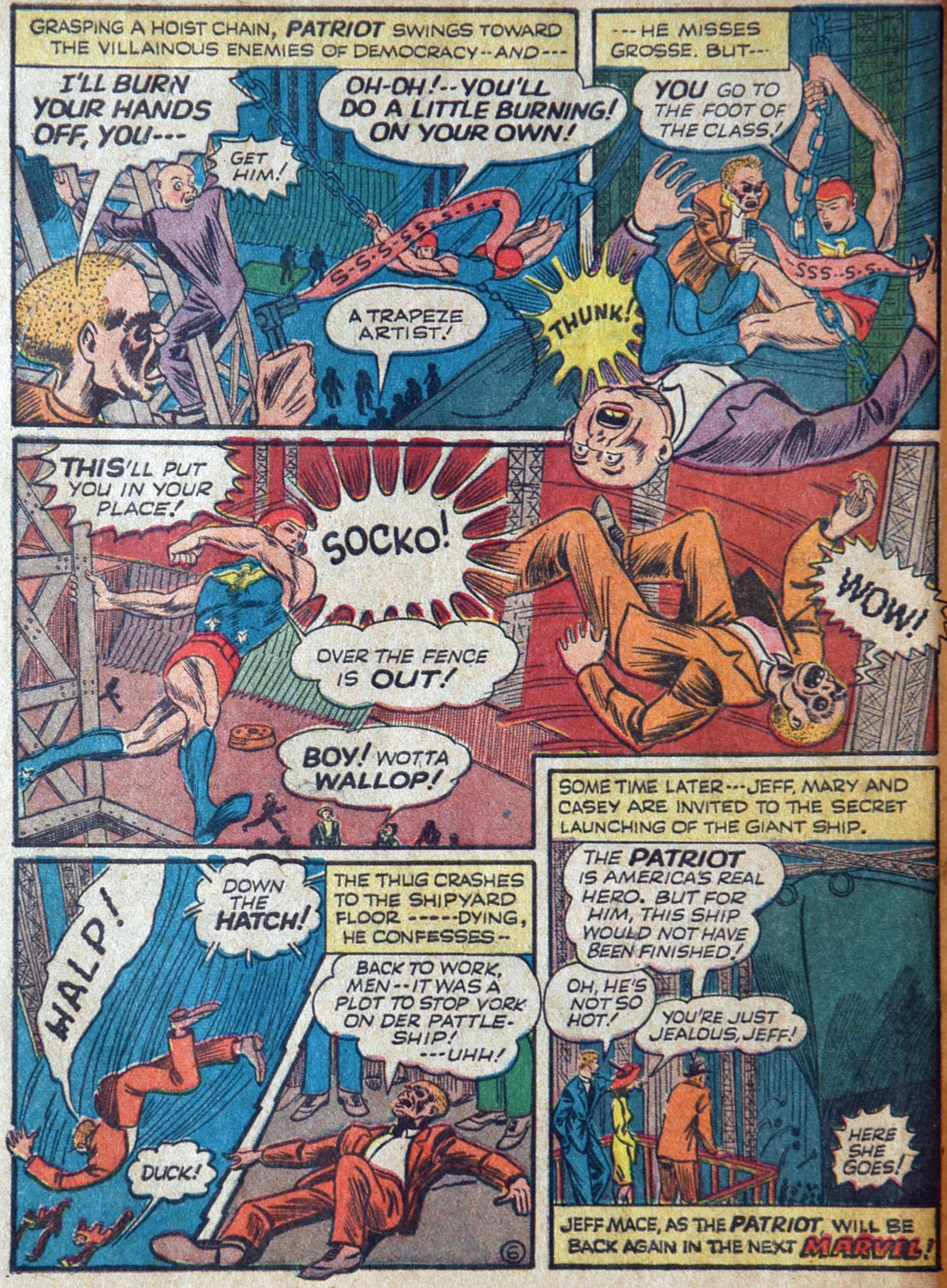
the PATRIOT
in
Death Stalks The Shipyard!
THE NAZIS THROW A WRENCH INTO A U.S. SHIPYARD! ----- BUT IT BOOMERANGS WITH THE FURY OF A COMET AS THE PATRIOT STEPS IN!
K FAGALY

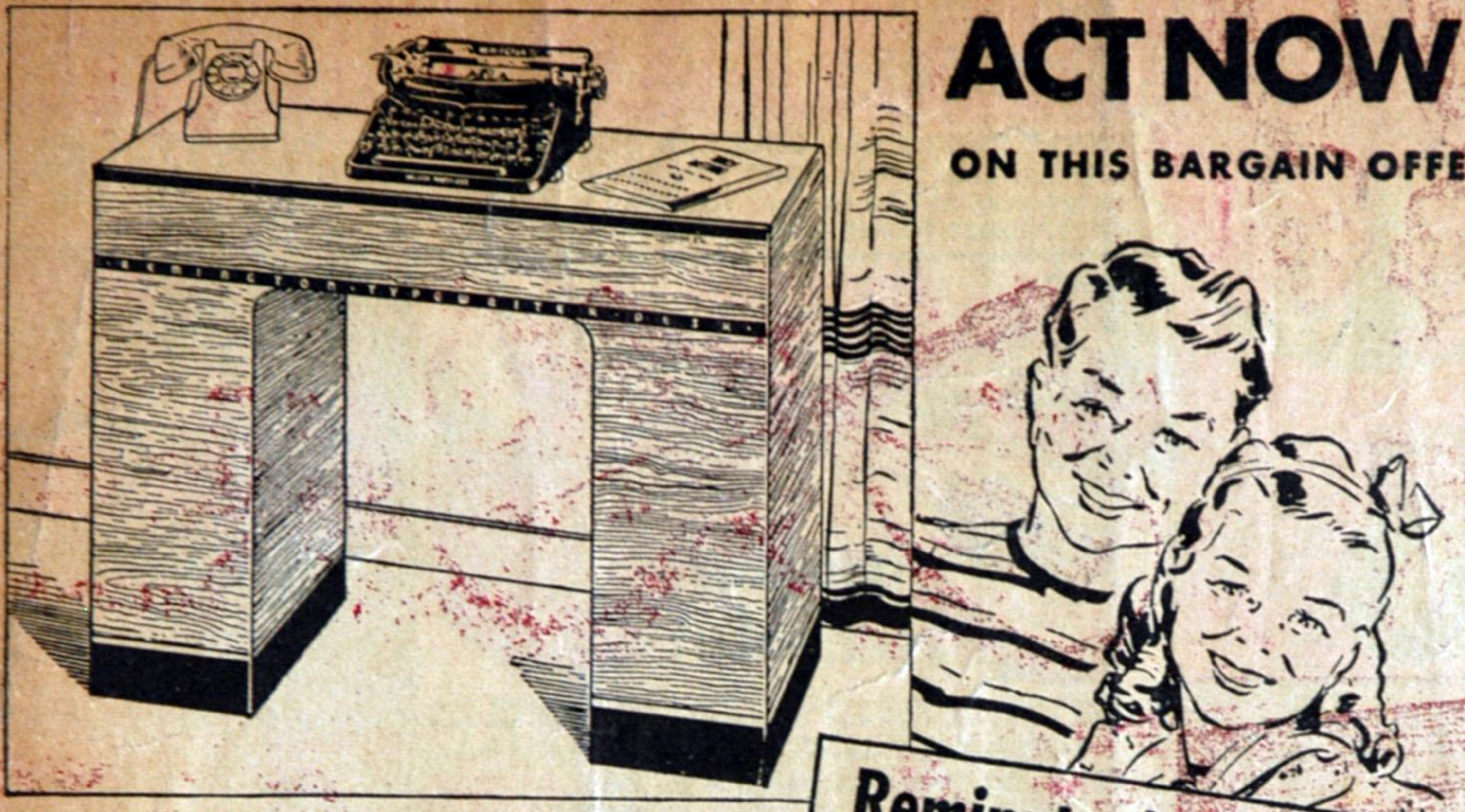

CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW AMERICAN SUPER-DREADNAUGHT IS BEING SECRETLY RUSHED TO COMPLETION AT THE NATIONAL SHIPBUILDING YARDS UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE NAVY.
NATIONAL SHIPBUILDING CO.
NATIONAL SHIPBUILDING COMPANY
SUDDENLY A SHRILL BLAST IS HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE. THE MEN TURN AND SEE AN EVIL-VISAGED MAN ---
HIS GLIB TONGUE CONVINCES THE WORKERS THAT THEY ARE BEING WRONGED BY THEIR BOSSES AND THEY STAGE A SIT-DOWN STRIKE.
DER OWNERS OF DIS SHIPYARDS ISS ENEMIES OF AMERICA. VILL VE ALLOW DEM TO RUIN OUR COUNTRY?
NO!
NO?
WE WON'T BE HOODWINKED BY CROOKED BOSSES!
WE REFUSE TO WORK FOR SPIES!
RUN! THE MEN ARE BEING MISLED!
DER STUPID SWINE TOOK DER BAIT, HOOK, LINE AND SINKER... NOW TO WELD SHUT DER GATE SO THAT CONSTRUCTION WILL NOT BE RENEWED!
...BUT U.S. BLUE JACKETS MARCH IN TO QUELL THE UPRISING -----
AL SHIPBUILDING C
Meanwhile... NEWS-HOUND CASEY, ACCOMPANIED BY MARY AND JEFF, RUSHES TO COVER THE STRIKE -----
THIS GUY GROSSE IS CAUSING QUITE A RUMPUS --EH, CASEY?
YEAH! I'VE A HUNCH HE HASN'T THE INTERESTS OF THE MEN AT HEART. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!
THE WORK MUST BE RESUMED AT ALL COST!
AYE, SIR!
L SHIPB
2

JEFF ACTS QUICKLY, ARRIVING IN HIS COSTUME OF THE **PATRIOT**---
WAIT!
I HAVE A PLAN, SIR, THAT MAY AVOID BLOODSHED! JUST GIVE ME 12 HOURS --I THINK I CAN CONVINCE THE MEN THEY ARE BEING DUPED!
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, THE **PATRIOT** WATCHES AS GROSSE CLIMBS STEALTHILY OVER THE FENCE -----
NATIONAL SHIPBUILDING CO.
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
KEEP
FOLLOWING GROSSE HOME, HE SEES -----
GROSSE CALLING BERLIN ----- DER STRIKE HAS STOPPED PRODUCTION ON DER NEW BATTLESHIP ----
THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK, SONNY BOY!
VAT IST?
CRASH!
OH, YOU PATRIOTIC AMERICAN PIG!
PIG, EH?
LOOKS LIKE I'M IN A **RAT'S NEST**!
CRUNK!
PLAY **THIS** ON YOUR RADIO!
WHACK
DIS VILL COOL DER YANKEE OFF!
PLUNK!


QUICKLY THE SPIES BIND THE **PATRIOT** AND CARRY HIM TO A WAITING CAR!
VE VILL GIVE DER LUNKHEAD A FAST RIDE -- **FREE!**
WITH A ROAR, THE CAR AND ITS LETHAL CREW RACES TOWARD THE HARBOR.
VEN VE DISPOSE OF DER **PATRIOT** VE HAFF GOT RID OF DER VORST OPPOSITION!
UHH --!
HE'S COMING TO!
BUT...
DER YANKEE DOG VILL MAKE FINE FOOD FOR DER FISHES -- EH GROSSE?
YA! AMERICA'S LOSS IS DER SHARK'S GAIN!
YOU RATS!
THE **PATRIOT** FIGHTS FIERCELY AT THE PIER'S EDGE -- BUT, BEING BOUND, LOSES ... HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AS HE HURTLES DOWN ---
DOWN -- DOWN -- **DOWN!**
THEN, WITH HIS LUNGS BURSTING, HE SUCCEEDS IN BREAKING HIS BONDS! -----
SNAP
HIS SWELLED LUNGS CARRY HIM UP -----
----- COMING TO THE SURFACE, THE **PATRIOT** CLIMBS TO THE PIER AND SEES -----
5
SILVER LINE
RUN --- YOU YELLOW CURS!


TAXI! HEY!
TAXI
WHERE TO?
FOLLOW THAT CAR! QUICK!
RIGHT!
TAXI
JUMPING FROM THE TAXI, PATRIOT FOLLOWS THE UNSUSPECTING LABOR THUGS AS THEY ENTER THE SHIPYARDS.
TAXI
AS THE PATRIOT LEAPS THE FENCE, HE HEARS THEM YELLING AT THE WORKMEN -----
DON'T GO PACK TO VORK! YOUR POSSES IS CROOKS!
RIGHT!
YEA!
LOOK!
ATIONAL BUILDING CO.
MEN! DO NOT LISTEN TO THESE FIFTH COLUMNISTS! I HAVE PROOF THAT THEY ARE EMPLOYED BY HITLER!
THE MEN RECOGNIZE THE PATRIOT!
WE BELIEVE THE PATRIOT! HE TELLS THE TRUTH!
GET 'EM!
HOW DID DOT EEL GET LOOSE!
BOO!
I THOUGHT SO!
ACH!
QUICKLY THE SPIES LEAP INTO THE GIRDERS ··· THE PATRIOT FOLLOWS!
COME DOWN, YOU RATS!
COME AND GET US!
5


GRASPING A HOIST CHAIN, PATRIOT SWINGS TOWARD THE VILLAINOUS ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY--AND---
I'LL BURN YOUR HANDS OFF, YOU---
GET HIM!
OH-OH!--YOU'LL DO A LITTLE BURNING! ON YOUR OWN!
S-S-S-SS-S-S-S
A TRAPEZE ARTIST!
---HE MISSES GROSSE. BUT---
YOU GO TO THE FOOT OF THE CLASS!
SSS--S-S-
THUNK!
THIS'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE!
SOCKO!
OVER THE FENCE IS OUT!
WOW!
BOY! WOTTA WALLOP!
DOWN THE HATCH!
HALP!
DUCK!
THE THUG CRASHES TO THE SHIPYARD FLOOR -----DYING, HE CONFESSES--
BACK TO WORK, MEN--IT WAS A PLOT TO STOP VORK ON DER PATTLE-SHIP! ---UHH!
6
SOME TIME LATER---JEFF, MARY AND CASEY ARE INVITED TO THE SECRET LAUNCHING OF THE GIANT SHIP.
THE PATRIOT IS AMERICA'S REAL HERO. BUT FOR HIM, THIS SHIP WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN FINISHED!
OH, HE'S NOT SO HOT!
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, JEFF!
HERE SHE GOES!
JEFF MACE, AS THE PATRIOT, WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT MARVEL!



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER

Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. DO IT TODAY!

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY $1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar ($1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU!

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

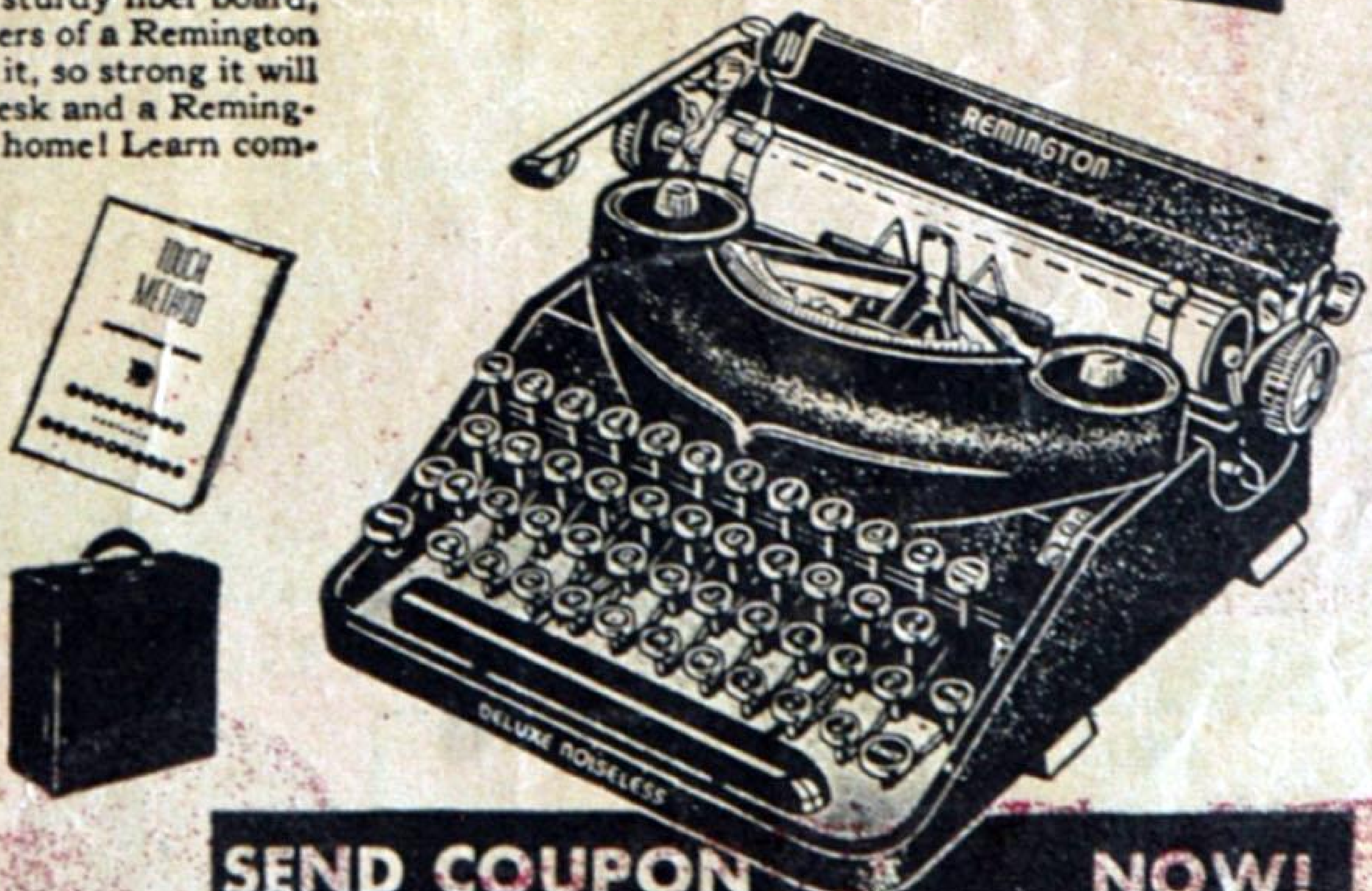
The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



SEND COUPON NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-4
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name..

Address..

City.............................State............

Safe Delivery Guaranteed
SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER
GOD BLESS AMERICA
THE FLAG I LOVE
SPLIT SHOT SINKERS
FISHING

C'mon— BOYS · GIRLS MEN · WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

Real Live CANARY

What a pet! You will love it. **Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders.** WRITE TODAY. *Sent Express Collect.*

BOTH GIVEN

GUITAR-UKE AND MANDOLIN

Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. **BOTH GUITAR-Uke and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.**

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN

$10. for best letter written on this machine. **Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.**

RADIO

Pocket Size

Needs no batteries or electrical connections **Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.**

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET GIVEN

Set of 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. **GIVEN for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.**

LADIES' NEW FASHION WRIST WATCH GIVEN

Sparkling enameled ivory case. **Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds.** WRITE TODAY.

CANDID-Type CAMERA

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

BLUE BIRD GRANITE GIVEN

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.

Beautiful DINNER SET

This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 orders of Seeds. *Sent Express Collect.*

Crinkled BED SPREAD

Attractive Colors

The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting stripes. Size 80 x 90. **Simply dispose of only 1 order.**

Will Make You Proud of Your Bedroom

THIS PIN IS YOURS FREE

Just mail the Coupon today and this beautiful Pin, symbolic of American Freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds. HURRY!

Basket Ball GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 30 pkts. at 10 cts. each.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN

Handsome finish, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. **GIVEN for selling only 4 orders.** MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

MAIL COUPON · TODAY ·

35th Year

A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT

Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. **Given for selling only one 30 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each.** WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 3 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 30 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. **Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.**

Name____________________________

Post Office____________________________

State____________________________

Street or R.F.D.____________________ **Box**________

Print your last name plainly below

| | | | | | | | | |

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.